

McGill Senate Suspends Publication of Daily

Senate Sets Up Post-War Education Committee; Aim To Extend Educational Benefits

Faculty and Public Represented on Committee

DR. TUTTLE RETIRES

In its last meeting for the session, the Senate of the University got seriously to work on its duty under the new Act "to inquire into all matters that might tend to enhance the usefulness of the University." Under the chairmanship of the Chancellor, the Hon. Mr. Justice Ford, the meeting was held Friday morning, February 19. This was the second meeting of the Senate as organized under the new University Act.

Brown Describes I.S.S. at Student Gathering Mon.

Dale Brown, Secretary of the International Student Service, spoke to a gathering of students and faculty members in the Senate Chamber Monday, Feb. 22nd. He outlined the organization of the International Student Service, and told something of the work it has accomplished in prison camps throughout the world.

He explained that the International Student Service distributes relief in Europe through the European Student Relief Fund, whose headquarters is in Geneva. In China the work of the I.S.S. is carried on by the National Student Relief Committee. Members of the International Y.M.C.A., the Red Cross and the Pax Romana are on both these executives. Access to prison camps all over the world is made possible through the 1929 Geneva Convention for prisoners of war, which makes provision for the International Y.M.C.A. and International Red Cross to assist in supplying the necessary equipment for a complete welfare program. The I.S.S. carries out specialized educational work under the International Y.M.C.A.

Representatives of the organization make periodic visits to the various prison camps in many countries to discuss and encourage the educational leaders in their efforts to organize study courses in their camps. Thousands of books and other equipment have been sent to camps in Germany, Italy, Switzerland, France, England, Canada, Australia, the Far East and United States.

In Canada, many interned refugees have been allowed to write matriculation examinations, and through the intercession of I.S.S. have been later established in Canadian universities. In the Canadian prisons of war camps a survey for 1942 showed 80 different subjects being studied—the list of supplies required to make this work worth-while is quite impressive.

Mr. Brown is at present engaged on a tour of Canadian prison camps. While on the campus he spoke at a service in Convocation Hall on Sunday. He also addressed a luncheon of members of the Alumni Association at Monday noon and a meeting of the students of St. Stephen's College Monday evening.

Colorful Military Ball Will Be Staged Tuesday, March 9th, Convocation Hall

The long awaited, much expected event of the year is fast approaching. It is none other than the Grand Military Ball. In former years this was always rated the tops of all dances, outshining any faculty club or class dance. If the promises of C.S.M. Don Harvie turn out, as he says they will, this dance will again rate as the dance of the year.

The dance is an exclusive formal affair. Only 125 couples will be admitted. Tickets are a strict advanced sale to enable

Inter-Year Plays Cancelled; Frosh May Yet Perform

1943—that's the year. After some twenty years of Interyear Competitions in Dramatics, with "Best" actors and actresses and directors, the executive of the Dramatic Society has decided not to stage the class plays this year.

Bad luck has dodged the footsteps of extra-curricular activities here at the University, and the Dramatic Club is no exception. After a promising start, with the organization of various subsidiary clubs like the Make-up Club, it didn't get along so well, with the annual play postponed until after Christmas. Now the Interyear Competition has had to be cancelled. Students cannot be blamed for deciding that they haven't time to get the plays up properly. The Freshies will probably, however, still put their on—perhaps at the annual meeting of the Dramatic Club during the second week in March when the election of officers will take place.

The evening was made possible through kind permission of Lt.-Col. P. S. Warren, Commanding Officer of the C.O.T.C. The dance is sponsored by the Sergeants' Mess, as a gesture of appreciation to other members of the Regiment.

Because of the limited crowd, the tickets are being offered to the instructional cadre of the unit and A Coy. first of all next Monday, March 1st, B Coy. on the 2nd of March, and C and D Coy. on Wednesday.

N.C.O. in charge of music for the evening will be George Wilkie and his seven cadets. Dancing will be from 8:45 to 12 p.m. in Convocation Hall. Remember, for the event of the year it is the Military Ball on Tuesday, March 9th. Tickets are \$1.00 a couple.

Le Cercle Francais will hold a banquet and dance on March 13 at St. Joseph's College. Mlle. M. Faunt will speak on "Mon Sejour a Montreal."

"Gondoliers" is Well Received; Packs House on Opening Night

CANTEEN DRIVE COMMITTEE



Canteen Drive Committee swings into concerted action. Upper picture shows Chairman Dick Hislop and assistants, Lloyd Grisdale, Chris Willox, Frank Murphy, George Hardy and Doris Thompson. At the bottom, Beth Kerr and Lydia Zimmerman confer with Jack Forster, B. J. Anderson, Beatty Wallace, Don Bell and Jim Taylor.

Canteen Drive Continues; Need \$800 to Reach Total

Donate Now and Buy the Tires and Engine

Those pretty girls you have been seeing around the rotundas of Arts and the Fed are there for a purpose, believe it or not! The committee in charge of raising money for a Mobile Canteen Unit has thought up all sorts of easy ways for students to contribute their share in this drive, and they are certainly pleased at the response.

If you'll look at the Mobile Canteen Unit climbing up the wall, and we do mean climbing, you will see that it's reached the \$1,200 mark. That should just about pay for the body of the truck without tires or windows. The other \$800 needed should pay for the equipping of it as a canteen unit and those invaluable circles of rubber for cross-country trips.

The girls on the campus pledged about \$30 at army on Thursday, and Beth Kerr has signed up most of the rest through the Wauneita Society. Booths will remain up until the first of next week to accommodate those lucky people who get paid at the end of the month. Gordon Gore-Hickman and his assistants are drilling mobile canteen propaganda into students travelling between Med and Arts, with the assistance of a dozen or so navy lads. The members of the faculty are each donating \$1.00.

Dick Hislop is chairman of the War Services Committee. On the advisory committee are: Chris Willox, Pan-Hellenic rep.; Frank Meston, Gateway rep.; Beth Kerr, Wauneita rep.; George Hardy, Provincial News; Jim Murphy, Publicity Committee; Louis Lebel, Treasurer of the Students' Union; Lloyd Grisdale, President of the Union; and Jack Forester, 3rd year Engineering rep.

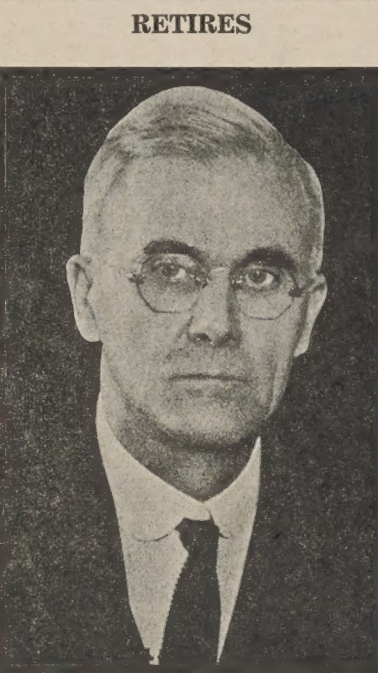
STUDENTS COMPETE FOR WEBB MEMORIAL PRIZE

"Family Aircraft Designs" and "Technical Control Department" of Pacific Mills, Limited, at Ocean Falls were the topics for the papers presented by Donald Dick and Ford Blackburn at the February 23rd meeting of the Engineering Students' Society.

These were two of a series of papers being judged by Dr. O. J. Walker, Prof. Cornish and Prof. Thorssen for the Webb Memorial Prize.

Election of officers for next year will be held at the next meeting, March 15.

Nominations will be received at the Students' Union office from 11 a.m.-2 p.m. on Wednesday, March 3rd.



Dr. A. S. Tuttle, Principal of St. Stephen's College, and member of the University Senate for the past twenty-four years, is retiring to the Pacific Coast.

Musical Club Will Hold Last Program of Year

The last meeting of the University Musical Club for the 1942-43 season will be held in Convocation Hall on Sunday, March 9, at 9 p.m. A slate of officers for next year will be presented to the members of the club for their approval. All members are urged, for this reason, to be present.

An outstanding Variety Program has also been planned. Professor L. H. Nichols, at the request of the Music Club executive, has kindly consented to play a group of Bach numbers on the organ. The University Choir, under the leadership of Mr. Jack Williams, will contribute to the program. Malcolm Clark, well-

Costumes, Dancing and Chorus Outstanding

The eighth consecutive performance of Gilbert and Sullivan presented by the University Philharmonic Society enjoyed a top run first night performance. Opening to a packed house, the performers gave more than the usual dress rehearsal as is usually expected on the first night.

Highlight of the evening were the performances turned in by Ralph Jamison as the Grand Inquisitor, Colin Corkum as the Duke of Plaza-Toro, and Rich Swann as Giuseppe Palmieri.

Not to be overlooked were the performances of the chorus. The choruses this year were quite outstanding. The harmony, movement and colorful costumes combined to produce a rhapsody of rhythm. Particularly noticeable about the music is its gaiety.

A slight hitch in the opening of the first performance was caused by a last minute repainting of the scenery. This was necessary owing to the drab appearance of the first props.

Through the help of Lin Jordan, prominent Edmonton Civic Opera prop man, the scenery was remodelled to provide the colorful scenes and background.

One outstanding characteristic of the evening's entertainment was the performance of the orchestra. It did much to make the production a success. Much more cannot be said without spoiling the evening for those who have not yet seen the performance.

S. Alta Artists' Work Now on Exhibit in Arts

Of direct interest is the current exhibition on the second floor of the Arts building by the southern section of the Alberta Society of Artists. As the name implies, the exhibitors represented here are natives of our province, and most of the work on view has been done in this locale.

Many Calgarians will, no doubt, recognize "Ranch Near the Ghost," by Marion Nicoll. This landscape has an unusual blending of line-drafting and water-color. Also readily recognized are the smooth ski-slopes by F. A. Halliday, along with the less colorful mountain scenes by V. Staples, L. Pearson, M. Young and J. Dichmont. These last-mentioned seem to have the unhappy faculty of having gained most of their art education along one path and under one teacher. Although, of the four, Margaret Young seems to put more of her own personality into her paintings.

It is interesting to note that one of our own former engineering students, one James Nicoll, has been experimenting with something that is entirely different from that of his fellow exhibitors. The most enjoyable of his three examples appears to be "Pine Knoll."

Considerably more vibrant and with greater expression are the works of a newcomer from the northern section of our province, Laura Evans Reid shows sincere feeling in her impression of a "Charred Pine Forest," and displays a fine faculty for colorful and well-molded composition in the landscape, "Rocky Point, Cold Lake, Alberta."

W. F. Irwin's feeling for light and the simple objects around us can be seen in his "Shacktown," and also his representation of our own White-Mud Creek. A former resident of

NOTICE

Applications in writing for Executive A rings will be received by the Secretary at the Union office until Tuesday, March 2, 1943. Applicants are required to state the positions which they have held and which they consider the basis for their award. Section V of an Act to Provide for the Point System is the relevant section of the Constitution.

known Edmonton baritone and a student at the University, will sing. Miss Lucy Gainer and Miss Nelda Faulkner will appear to play several two-piano compositions, and the evening is to be brought to a close with a group of solos by (Mrs.) Ella Caggie King. Mrs. King, wife of the President, is a well-known vocalist from Calgary. She has a beautiful mezzo-contralto voice, and in the provincial festival last year won top honors in the Stutbury cup class, carrying off the highest award of the festival.

The Music Club executive feel sure that all its members will want to attend a program which promises to be so outstanding a finale to what has been a very successful year.

Students Hold Mass Meeting; Protest Arbitrary Action And Interference in Affairs

Claim University Officials Slighted in Cartoons, Pictures and Feature Articles

EDITION PUBLISHED BY-COMMERCE CLASS

Publication Suspended Indefinitely

Montreal, Que., Feb. 26 (C.U.P.).—Over seven hundred and fifty students jammed the Union Ballroom for two and one-half hours at Students' Society meeting to discuss the action of the University Senate in suspending the "McGill Daily."

The meeting voiced unanimous disapproval of smutty material in the Commerce issue, and condemned both the arbitrary manner and the action of the Senate. Numerous resolutions were passed to the general effect that the Daily resume publication Monday and that the usurpation of student government should not occur again.

Meanwhile, the Senate rejects the recommendation of the Council which suggests collective responsibility and one week's suspension, and demands individual responsibility and longer suspension.

Heavy votes of confidence in the regular Daily staff to resume uncensored publication, and a vote of confidence in the Executive Council, were recorded.

Montreal, Que., Feb. 24 (C.U.P.).—The Students' Council of McGill University yesterday released a circular condemning the arbitrary action of the Senate of the University in ordering the McGill Daily to suspend publication following the appearance of a Commerce edition.

Engineering, Arts, Commerce and Science Undergrads Society have passed a resolution to the same effect.

It is understood that there will be an open meeting of students here Thursday, which may be attended by Principal James.

Said one student spokesman: "The students are not quibbling over the quality of the issue. They admit it was shady and the editors punishable, but resent the usurpation of powers of Students' Council by the Principal and the Senate. The whole system of student government at this university hinges on the outcome of what promises to be a bitter controversy."

The Daily has not appeared since Friday, Feb. 19.

Montreal, Que., Feb. 22 (C.U.P.).—Publication of the McGill Daily has been suspended by a special university committee pending investigation, it was announced by Editor-in-Chief Raymond Ayoub, on Friday. The suspension followed a special edition of the Daily by the Commerce class, which was characterized as "blatantly smutty" by officials of the university.

The committee met after the University authorities claimed the Commerce Daily contained pictures, cartoons and feature articles giving offense to McGill University officials.

this city, Gertrude V. Fleming, has two pretty floral compositions.

One of the more outstanding former students of the Institute of Technology and Art in Calgary is Margaret Shelton, who has in the past few years executed some very fine color blocks, an example of which is "Homestead," a beautifully colored, delicately-cut arrangement. It is interesting to compare this with her water-color sketch of the same scene. Even to the uninformed, this represents a good example of the results from different media. Used with two such examples, one interested in art appreciation may be helped to comprehend the problems of approaching a subject from different points of view and with different tools.

Students' Union Meets Sat., March 9th to Hear Candidates For Next Year's Council

Lectures and labs. will be cancelled at 11 a.m. Saturday, March 6, when at a mass meeting of the Students' Union, which includes the entire student body, candidates for executive positions for 1944-45 will present their platforms in Convocation Hall.

Last year eight of these important positions were filled by acclamation, including that of President of the Union. Since the president is responsible for maintaining the constitution and the efficient administration of the laws of the Students' Union, and supervises all the other officers in the discharge of their duties, this lack of interest displayed by the students last year is not commendable.

Nominations must be in writing, signed by the nominator and nine other members of the Students' Union, and in the case of the President and Secretary of the Men's Athletic Association the signatures must be those of nine male members.

Elections will be held the second Wednesday in March according to the constitution, March 10th, in the Arts Common Room, from 9-5 p.m., and in the Medical Building rotunda for Meds and Dents only from 9-12 and 1-5.

Nominations will be received at the Students' Union office from 11 a.m.-2 p.m. on Wednesday, March 3rd.

Et Tu, Brute! Color Night on Ides of March

Take a little red and orange, add some yellow, green and blue, beating well after each addition, then throw in indigo and violet, shake well—look what you've got—Color Night!

Yessir! And with Don Johnston as generalissimo in charge of artistic effects, assisted by Don Bell and Mary Barbara Mason, there's going to be a spurge of color on the Ides of March.

Let those brain-trusts pat themselves on the back when they turn out first-class marks—but they don't need to come round on this night of nights, because athletic and executive ability is what the recipients of the awards on the 15th of March will be honored for. This is the event of the year, when the Students' Union gives recognition to those hard-working U. of A.'ers who have set the high standards necessary in the different fields that make the University of Alberta what it is.

This will be the third annual celebration of Color Night on the campus, and this event has been so successful in the past that it is hoped that it will become an institution around these parts.

If you want your girl friend to be bursting with pride because you've won an executive "A" award, remember to get your application in to the Secretary of the Union before Tuesday, March 3rd. Don't forget to list the positions you have held as an undergraduate which you consider puts you in line for an award, and save the Students' Union a lot of research work.

Educ. Banquet On Wednes., Mar. 10

The executive of the School of Education announces the Annual Education Banquet. The affair will be held in the Corona Hotel on the evening of March 10, at 7 p.m.

Under the capable arrangements of John Kuzmar, president, and also of Chris Willox, a sumptuous dinner has been arranged. A clever skit, toasts and an address by Dr. H. C. Newland, Supervisor of Schools, will complete the evening's entertainment.

Dress is informal. Tickets a dollar each. A large turnout is expected from Ed. 40-56. In the meantime, watch the notice boards for any further announcement.

THE GATEWAY



Published each Tuesday and Friday throughout the College Year under authority of the Students' Union of the University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta.

MEMBER OF CANADIAN UNIVERSITY PRESS

Advertising rates may be had upon request to the Advertising Manager of The Gateway, Room 151 Arts Building, University of Alberta. Subscription rates: \$2.00 per year in the United States and Canada.

Phone 31155

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF FRANK MESTON
BUSINESS MANAGER BILL PAYNE

Friday Edition

Friday Editor Michael Bevan
News Editor Lois Knight
Features Editor Margaret Robertson
Women's Editor Kent Hutchison
Sports Editor Gerry Larue
Assistant Sports Editor Bill Clark
Women's Sports Editor Helen McDougall
Filing Clerk Arnold Dean
Editorial Assistant Charley Glebe
Assistants Dorothy Ravenscroft, Bernice Thompson

Business Staff

Advertising Solicitor Morley Tanner
Circulation Manager Walter Gainer
Asst. Circulation Manager Lawrie Joslin
Subscription Manager Bruce Collins

PROFESSOR SALTER, in a recent article in The Gateway, referred to this year as one of "academic nightmare." Last week was examination week, and turned out to be a nightmare, but not academic, for The Gateway.

Reporters are just too busy to accept assignments, or if they did accept, did not get the time to write their stories. The result was that practically all the stories on the front page were written by one girl, through a sense of duty, although she also had exams hanging over her head.

It is obvious that a paper written by one person will not possess the interest or variety which student readers will demand. After a reporter writes two or three difficult stories in addition to preparing for examinations, he or she gets that tired feeling which even Carter's Little Liver Pills can't correct.

The Gateway staff is only human. If it does not receive your support it can't put out a paper which will be interesting, entertaining or instructive. Have you done your part?

DEATH and taxes may be with us always, but around the U. of A. we think that elections might well be included. It seems no time at all since last fall's class elections. And preceding each election are the nominations and—it never fails—an accompanying editorial.

The elections now in prospect are the most important of the year, to select those students who will hold positions on next year's Students' Council. Last year eight out of the fifteen positions were filled by acclamation. Let's hope there will not be a repetition this year.

The dangers of acclamations are obvious—the individual receiving the acclamation does not know whether his platform has the support of the students. That is, he may feel that no one objects sufficiently to nominate someone to run against him—a negative sort of approach to an office.

But the acclamation last year of Lloyd Grisdale to the position of President of the Students' Union has disproved much of this argument. We doubt that a more conscientious man, with the best interests of his fellow-students more at heart, could have been selected by popular election. That his health was not able to stand the strain was not his fault, even though it is to be regretted that he could not actively complete his term of office.

The odd acclamation here and there can do little harm. At the most it will provide a dissenting voice on Council. But there is always the danger of complete acclamation for all positions, and here it could be maintained that popular backing of such a Council was lacking.

Make no mistake about it! The Students' Council has no easy task. Meeting every two weeks, sometimes each week, making decisions which are not always easy to arrive at, making other decisions which Council knows full well will call down the wrath of certain sections of the student body upon their heads—this is not an easy task.

To those groups on the campus who have indulged in criticism recently of Council, here is your opportunity to do something about it. Nominate a complete slate. Then get behind your candidate and make the election a success.

News and Views
From Other U's

With the Philharmonic Society now presenting "The Gondoliers," it is interesting to note that other Canadian universities are also addicted to the works of Gilbert and Sullivan.

At the University of British Columbia, the "Pirates of Penzance" was presented by the Musical Society, which also planned to give a performance for members of the army at Chilliwack. This projected performance, however, was cancelled for military reasons.

Manitoba's Glee Club presented another Gilbert and Sullivan masterpiece, the "Yeoman of the Guard." A good measure of the popularity of these productions is the fact that tickets were scarce for the Manitoba presentation and our own Alberta operetta was sold out several days in advance.

"Princess Ida" was this year's production of the Queen's Glee Club just last week.

Kingston, Ont.—For the first time, a Queen's Glee Club winter production will have the support of a complete orchestra, consisting of students as well as some Kingston players. Sets for the operetta have been designed by Pte. Murray Bonnycastle, a well-known Toronto artist who has had wide experience in acting and producing. He has been associated with Hart House Theatre in Toronto for ten years.

* * * *

Speaking of the Mobile Canteen, we notice that other campuses have conducted or are conducting similar campaigns.

U.B.C. is sponsoring a drive for a "Mile of Pennies" with which to purchase an ambulance to be presented to the Red Cross.

A new slant on ways and means of raising money has cropped up at McGill. Here's the dispatch for you:

The campaign will feature an effigy of Hitler which is to be set up in the centre of the campus on a scaffold with the rope attached to a counter balance. When the counter balance has been filled with sufficient nickels to raise the effigy, the objective of the campaign, to "Hang Hitler," will be attained.

The War Council has set as the minimum contribution a nickel from every student. Those contributing 25 cents or more will receive a ribbon to indicate that they have subscribed.

* * * *

Accelerated Arts Courses at Queen's.

Arts courses at Queen's University will be accelerated, according to a ruling announced recently by the Faculty of Arts.

Under this new ruling, students lacking three subjects for a degree this May will be able to graduate this summer. Similarly, students who have 10 courses towards a degree this May will be able, by taking courses during the summer months, to graduate in the fall of 1944 instead of the spring of 1945. Following are the complete regulations:

A.—Students who now lack only three courses for degree may take these courses this summer by extramural or by extramural and Summer School work, provided that the courses are offered.

B.—Other students make take as many as two courses during the summer.

This ruling is not for the purpose of lessening the normal weight of work during the session 1943-44, but to make it possible for students to graduate at an earlier date.

* * * *

And at Toronto a Student-Staff Conference held during the month of December recommended that Selective Service Boards be set up by the universities themselves to function within themselves. And now we read:

Toronto, Ont.—Declaring that no university should exist only for the sake of giving advanced education to a small group of the most brilliant, but also to benefit the "average" students, President H. J. Cody of Toronto Varsity addressed the Student-Staff Conference recently on their report presented to him in December. President Cody described the reactions of the Ottawa Universities Conference to the Student-Staff report and outlined the further progress of discussion between university and government officials.

Dr. Cody said that the conference as a whole did not approve of the erection of a University Selective Service Board as suggested. He explained that it was felt that such a proposal is very far-reaching in scope and that probably in the end, an outside body would give a decision which would be more readily accepted.

* * * *

And in the pages of an edition of The Manitoban put out by the Arts students, we read a little poem which expresses the feelings of the average Features Editor. Like to hear it? Here goes:

Depressed

Ghastly, ghastly, ghastly,
Is the life
Of the Literary Editor.
How could people
Write
Such stuff?
It doesn't live,
It doesn't move.
"Print it,"
They plead
In accents dolorous.
The space is willing
And my resistance weak,
So in it goes,
And in my mind
Too evermore
Remains to plague me—
Ghastly, ghastly, ghastly.

EDITORIAL SQUIB

Last year in the springtime Bob Black was terribly worried over the danger of some unfortunate student drowning as he crossed the campus on his way to the Arts Building. With the present California weather, and the season's exceptionally heavy snowfalls, we're beginning to worry, too. Of course, it would make a wonderful headline: "Student Drowns on Campus Pathway."

"MY NAME IS DICKENS".....

ONE LONDONER SPEAKS OUT

This is not a Statist Leading Article. It is, perhaps, hardly a Leading Article at all! It suffered a strange interruption. The door of the editorial room burst open. "Burst" is the only word, with such energy and gusto did he who propelled it enter. He was of medium height, rather more flamboyantly dressed than is the habit of men in the City. His face was keen and deeply lined, like that of an actor. Indeed, but for the fringe of whisker and moustache, he would have had the mouth of an actor. His appearance recalled immediately Jane Carlyle's remark that "Boz has a face of steel." He drew up a chair without ceremony, threw open his greatcoat, played for a moment with two or three watch-chains that adorned his velvet waistcoat, and then spoke abruptly. "My name is Dickens. You may have heard of me. I once, when I was younger, had an office by Knightbridge Street, under the very shadow of St. Paul's. That was when I was reporting Doctors' Commons and Parliament. A long time ago, now. But I have lived and worked in many parts of London. When I say London, I mean the City of London. I've just been taking my pre-Christmas stroll from the Griffin—great improvement on the old Temple Bar—to Aldgate, and back—with some detours North and South. What strikes me is not how much of London has been knocked down by the bombings and blitzing. What a good English word that German 'blitz' has become! I might have invented it myself. As I say, what strikes me is not how much of London has been knocked down, but how much is still standing up. I know, of course, that the Temple, where I sent Ruth Pinch a wooing, has gone. I know how much devastation there is between Ludgate and Little Britain. I realize just how shattered are some parts of Upper Thames Street and the quarter where old Mrs. Clenham lived and Little Dorrit sewed. I have seen exactly how battered is St. Paul's Church Yard and Paternoster Row. But most of London is still standing, you know. I could still brew you a good bowl of punch at half-a-dozen of my old haunts, aye, and Johnson's old haunts, and even Will Shakespeare's old haunts. And yet, everywhere I go, I find people talking of re-planning London!

"I probably know London as well as most people. Nobody could ever call me a reactionary about London. I have agitated more than most for

the reform of London; I mean the physical reform. Nobody was more scathing about such abominations as Tom-All-Alone's and Hollywood Street, and the terrible places like Bleeding Heart Yard. I was fond of London: I made other people fond of London. But I never said London was perfect. Some parts of the City were better destroyed. There cannot be a doubt about that. But—the re-Planning of London! What most people forget about the City is that its life centres upon the river and its trade turns on its Exchanges—Wool, Coal, Lloyd's, the Baltic, the Stock Market. Those are the things that decided the original shape and growth of London. Those are the things that will always affect its shape and size. I agree, anybody but a soulless idiot must agree, that the Cathedral and some of the little Churches are the glory of the City. But London isn't primarily a health resort or a museum; it is primarily a great commercial centre, a great port, the place where millions of people make their livelihoods and help to feed and clothe and sustain those other millions in the Provinces. London isn't a thing to be planned; it is a living organism, with a life of its own, with aspirations as well as traditions, the one shaping the other. They tell me that one set of Planners want 'vistas'. Well, vistas are all very well. Paris has 'em—but Paris has vistas because Louis Napoleon wanted good fields of fire for his artillery when he was frightened of his own mobs. Nobody is frightened of mobs in London. The only really serious mob ever known for centuries was at the time of the Gordon Riots, and anybody who has read Barnaby Rudge knows just how easy the mob was to quell. Now, nobody would accuse me of wanting to deprive the workers of open spaces, little oases where they can eat their sandwiches in the sun, or meet their sweethearts when the day's work is over, or take the air when they are a bit old for too much indoors. I agree—here the visitor became even more emphatic—"I agree that we want to be able to see our Cathedral properly, I agree that we want open spaces, for choice small and plenty. But I can't see the reason for allowing any outsiders, whoever they may be, politicians or architects, or town-planners, or whatnot, to change the whole character of our City for the sake of vistas. Vistas! What London wants is not vistas, but trade and prosperity.

The Future.....

The Jews:

We ought to think of the Jews as human beings, whose sufferings cause us anguish as human beings, and whom we should like to help in the awful trial that has befallen them, as it has befallen hundreds of thousands of non-Jews at the hands of Hitler, and would befall us, too, if Hitler had his way. What we see in Poland and elsewhere is a huge, perhaps an unprecedented, and certainly an unimaginable human tragedy. If we don't feel it to be a human tragedy we may be little better than barbarians ourselves. It is good that the joint declaration should have been made and the supplementary statement issued. There can be no going back on them, no forgetfulness or forgiveness for Nazi criminality, if we would win the peace after having won the war. If justice demands retribution, righteousness—which, in English at any rate, I think a finer word than justice—demands atonement. And if we cannot now save Hitler's victims we can at least make up our minds that in so far as any effort of ours can prevent it, no section of mankind shall ever again endure such martyrdom of body and soul.—H. Wickham Steed, in The Listener.

Empires:

Our first complaint seems to be about the British Empire. Its American critics, strangely enough, overlook entirely such aggregations of territories as, for example, the French, the Belgian and the Portuguese Empires with their vast reaches and conglomerate peoples in Asia, the South Seas and the Indian Ocean, in Northern and Equatorial Africa. It is the British Empire that our American reformers wish to wrench apart.

In this connection Ambassador Gibson is letting me quote what he said only the other day: "The only trouble in Anglo-American relations is a question of definitions—in fact, the definition of one word, namely, 'empire'. In the minds of most Americans this word connotes a predatory government bearing down upon helpless peoples; whereas the British definition of the word is entirely different. In their minds it means 'a school of government that inevitably leads to self-government'."

Collaborator:

We Americans of all others can never forget that in the darkest days of 1940 and 1941 it was only British courage and the blind faith of free men that saved the world from a Hitler-ruled Europe and a convulsion of our own American structure to its very foundations. Nor that England, already hard pressed and unprepared for armed conflict in the Far East, nevertheless declared war on Japan the moment Japan made war on us.

So I end on the same note on which I began: In the conduct of this war, of course, and equally in the post-war world, America's only salvation is to work in close collaboration with our British friends.

Such policy is no new thing for us. In the last century, it was the British Government that, after the first enunciation of the Monroe Doctrine in 1823, stood firmly by us in the maintenance of that declaration of ours for the Western Hemisphere; this later, in the face of the German Kaiser's promises and threats. Witness, too, the German squadron's attempt to interfere with Admiral Dewey at Manila Bay in 1898. It was a British admiral who thwarted that effort.

Thus, whenever the outer world has turned against either of us, America and Britain have stood together. It was not chance but an inevitability that in the far greater peril of Britain in 1917 and again in 1941 we finally we found fighting side by side.

Have we now learned the lesson? Or shall we insist on some other Pearl Harbor in another quarter century? Whether we like or dislike individual Englishmen, whether we think they are inclined to high-hat us or not, whether we look upon ourselves as innocents abroad and easy marks for the English trader—or, on the other hand, monarch of all we survey; nevertheless let us remember that as long as the British and we pull together, not in a political union, nor necessarily with formal treaties, together with the collaboration of Russia and China and with a due regard for the equal rights of all other nations; with the earnest endeavor that at every point they should work as fellow-partners in our enterprise, that is our only chance of avoiding a repetition of today's tragic events.

Respect:

And on neither side of the water let us take ourselves too seriously when occasional differences arise between us. The mutual respect, the forbearance and the understanding that we have for each other spring from common roots deep in the past; roots so intimately interwoven and united in history that no man can sunder them. We can work together because of our common acceptance of certain fundamentals—our instinct for justice and fair play, our preference for an orderly world where each branch of the human family may work out its own salvation in its own way, our convictions that individual enterprise and democracy are inextricably dependent each upon the other.

Finally, the English are the people with whom we share our fundamental religious convictions. These beliefs of ours were brought to the New World with our forebears at Jamestown and Massachusetts Bay. We have followed the way as they followed it. We have looked forward, as they looked, to a city not built with hands. We, like them, through all our vicissitudes, have had this faith of the spirit that in building our own great nation of free men we help create out of the world's tragic present a noble future.—Thomas W. Lamont, in the New York Times.

QUOTEUNQUOTE.

"In my time I've poked enough fun and ridicule at Mayors and Aldermen and Corporations, and I've poked just as much at stockbrokers and men of business. You'll remember Frank Simmery and Mr. Veneering and old Dombey. But we have to realize that the only men to re-plan London are the men who work there, and adventure their fortunes there, and take the trouble to sit on the Common Council and study the problems of London City and London Port. I should have said that the time to plan London would be when we know just what the future trade of London is going to be, and have some idea of how it may grow or contract. God bless us all, supposing there had been a great planning of London when I was young! We'd have been saddled for generations with building designed before the days of telephones and typewriters and motor-cars. Suppose Prince Albert the Good had been chairman of a gang of London Planners in his day! We'd have had a London of Albert Halls and Crystal Palaces. Besides, who owns London? I don't suppose the Planners own it. I expect the Corporation owns some of it, and the Companies own some of it, and the great Commercial enterprises own some of it, and private citizens own some of it. They know why they bought their portions of it, and what use they want to make of them. Nobody else can possibly know that. If any of them ever sell their portions of London, they sell to buyers who have a definite idea of why they are buying, and what kind of new building will make their enterprise most efficient and prosperous. I agree, any sensible Londoner would agree, that you must have some control over people, because if you don't you invite the conditions that I always fought against—none more strenuously. You invite insanitary buildings, cramped and dark rooms, mess, muddle, confusion. There will always be over-avaricious persons, without thought for their workers, who must be kept in check. But having controls and checks against abuses is a very different thing from 'planning London'. The fault of this age is that people will try to legislate as if the evil minority were the normal majority. Because a few unimaginative fools may want to build badly, people want legislation to insist that nobody but a set of Civil Service clerks shall say how any building is to be built. Because over its sprawling centuries of growth London has evolved some dark and twisty alleys and lanes and has failed to tidy itself up enough from generation to generation, we are now to have a London planned for us by 'experts' who have never spent a working day in London—or any other real city.

"I've only looked in to tell you what I, as a representative Londoner, feel about all this insistence of planning and planners. I'm a very moderate man." (Here the visitor flashed sparks from his eyes, and thrust out his chest, as if squaring up at all the planners in the world.) "I'm a very moderate man. If I'd brought old Ben Jonson or Will Shakespeare or Sam Johnson, or even young Charles Lamb with me, you'd have heard some strong language. All I ask is that a journal like this one, with a long history in the City, should try to get it into the heads of all these Planners that the only people with a right to plan London—are the people who live their working days in London, and know what London needs. What would be the good of a modern, glass-fronted erection with a vista, if what you need for your trade is a solid building?"

At this point there was a sound of

voices in the editorial corridor. The energetic little man, with the face of steel, rose and buttoned up his greatcoat. "It's no use on a Press-day inviting you to join us at the old 'George and Vulture,' I suppose? It's a very small party. A few friends who used to frequent the Mermaid, one or two of the old group from the Mitre—and old Sam Pepys is going to propose 'The City and Trade of London,' coupled with the name of Tom Gresham. Old Tom Gresham, he know all about planning London, and what traps there are for the planners! Well, I mustn't detain you. All the Compliments of the Season—my season, I may call it—to you and your readers. And don't forget—let the planners of London be the traders of London, and nobody else." There was another gust as the door opened and closed—and the projected leading article was too late for the Press.

Source: The Statist, December 26, 1942.

Council Refuses
Rep. on Senate

WINNIPEG, Feb. 25 (C.U.P.).—Acting under pressure of agitation from the student body through the columns of The Manitoban for a student representative on the Board of Governors, the University of Manitoba Students' Union turned down the suggestion on the recommendation of the Executive Committee. The recommendation was presented in the Executive report at Monday's Council meeting by President Tallman.

Reasons advanced for opposing the recommendation were:

1. That President Smith, who now acts as student representative, can better present a case than could a student.

2. The presence of a member of the student body at a meeting of the Board would make it difficult for frank discussion of such items as the dismissal of members of the staff, with the result that much discussion would be forced off the floor to behind the scenes.

3. The University of Manitoba Act in setting forth the powers of the Board of Governors definitely states the right of any group to send personal representatives to a Board meeting to protest or appeal any decision with which they do not agree.

Council adopted the Executive report with very little discussion on this particular question, though Ken Williamson and Morgan Wright of Arts did address some queries to the chair.

Roller Skate
at the
Silver Glade
Roller Bowl
every night from
7:30 to 10:00
Phone 81362 12312 105th Ave.

CHAMPIONS
Parcel Delivery
DELIVER
Messages, Parcels
Trunks, etc.

A FAST RELIABLE
SERVICE
PHONES
22246 - 22056

"IT DOES TASTE GOOD IN A PIPE!"



B.Sm., Bachelor of Smoking, is a great degree. It entitles a man to hours of Blissful Satisfaction in all the days of his life. Graduate under Prof. Picobac—always mild, cool, sweet.

Picobac
GROWN IN SUNNY, SOUTHERN ONTARIO

"Pocket Books", 150 Titles, 39c each
Oxford Pamphlets on World Affairs, 10c each

THIS DEPARTMENT IS OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

Co-ed Parade

formal fashions featured in city

Government regulations clamping down harder and harder than ever before on every little thing that we happen to want makes worse and worse to get what you want especially if it is a dress for graduation. Yes, and so many of the girls are getting worried about the small affair and have started shopping for a dress, and many of them already have gotten them, that "yours truly" decided to do something about the situation. Consequently, from store to store I trudged, scrutinizing their stocks of white "formals," bothering clerks, managers and what-have-you — to finally realize that this chummy little situation isn't exactly good—in fact, it's quite poor. If all of you tentative graduands (female) rely on the dresses in stock in town there are going to be a surprising amount of angelic looking bridesmaids tripping daintily up to convocation for their hard-worked-for sheepskin.

Eaton's, the first store into which I wandered, had quite a selection of gowns, with a promise of some new long dinner gowns. Included in their group were some charming dresses of velvet and net, brocade and net, sheer and taffeta. The sheers seem to hold prominence, especially the style—full skirt, tight waist-band, tailored neckline and long bishop sleeves. Shirring is quite popular, especially in the honeycomb pattern. Lace is used with other materials, although there are no all lace dresses. The price range here is from \$12 to approximately \$20.

Sheer held the limelight at Woodward's. There were many styles with a good size range in each. The styles are practically the same as those at Eaton's—full bishop sleeves, flowing skirts, etc. Also Woodward's have the odd net or crepe dress, but not many. Their price range is from about \$12 to about \$16.00.

At Walkrite's we found an adorable white moss crepe dress with lattice work around the neckline and a band of it around the bottom of a torso waistline, price \$29.50. More sheers and a few marquanzas, a type of sheer. The styles are practically the same as the ones above.

Lace and net, taffetas and sheers were featured at the Fashion Dress Shop. They have one jersey, size 15, for \$24.50. And for the rest their prices range from \$12.95 to \$24.50. They are of mostly bridal gown styles, but fine for graduation also. They are not expecting any more in the next three or four months.

Five jerseys I found at Johnstone Walker's, and were they ever honeys! The adorable new peg-top skirt and the draped neckline were featured on one. There was a size 12 and a size 18 at \$12.95 in this one. The other two, in sizes 15 and 18, featured a square neckline and a basque waistline. These were \$15.00. A third style in jersey had the real honest-to-goodness peg-top with a smart

"V" neckline. It is in sizes 16 and 18 at \$12.95. A few sheers also can be accounted for.

The Bay's formals are rather few in number. There was one white crepe with brilliant forming a bolero effect, size 16, at \$15.95. Some long torso sheers in size 16 at \$12.95. Another crepe featured the same lattice work fashioned in a similar manner to the one at Walkrite's—size 16, at \$19.95. One jersey, very tailored with long tailored sleeves, nice and smart, size 16, at \$19.95. For those of you that like bead work, The Bay has a lovely beaded sheer, short sleeves. Again size 16, at \$19.95.

That's about all that there is at any of the larger shops in town in the line of graduation dresses. Of course, they may be getting more in all the time, but with conditions concerning clothes as they are now, there is no telling just when their new shipments will be in, and whether the styles will be the kind that you are looking for for the big event next May or not, you never can tell.

Another alternative, is to have your dress made. If your mother doesn't hanker to do such as that, there are always a few dressmakers in this city that will be glad to oblige, for a nominal sum, of course. Johnstone Walker's have a good line of materials, including satin, moire, cut silk, crepes, taffeta, satin stripe sheer, satin broches and plain sheer. Also they have some eyelet embroidered material, 36 inches wide, at \$2.25. A bit of lace cloth, 72 inches wide, at \$3.95 a yard.

Yardage that The Bay features is sheer, brocade satin, taffeta, jersey, cut crepes, crepe velvet. Their eyelet pique and eyelet lawn are not in yet, but they are expected long before the big day.

And, of course, there are the sentiments of graduating in the same dress your big sister wore—that is, incidentally, if she is the kind of sister who isn't sentimental about the dress herself. And there is always the charming idea of a knitted dress; it's been done before and can be again if the worst comes to the worst.

And then there are the accessories that go with graduation formals. Sterling's don't know just what they will have in new white shoes, but their hopes are high. The other shoe shops will be getting some in also, more likely than not.

And here's a big hint for the Men—no matter how seldom the lady of your life gets flowers from you any more, what with this no-flowers-for-dances-idea, you really haven't much excuse to send any have you?—but she will probably only graduate once in her life. Amby Lenon makes lovely rose or spring flower corsages, along with as many, or as different, novelty ones that you may happen to like. It's an idea, so how about trying?



FRILLY AND FORMAL

Momentary - Moods -

● Waddle we do about the waddle? This movement toward movement began with the entrance of a certain glamorous co-ed into Varsity last year.

● A certain cute Pi Phi had a date with "Buddy" Saturday night. Apparently his first name is "No."

● "Why don't we" skipped over a column in this item. Hot drinks are being served over in the House Ec.

lab. To date, five people have patronized it each day. Future students will some day wonder why we haven't a cafeteria. If this new move to establish better lunch conditions for students doesn't receive more support, Alberta co-eds of 1953 will be wondering "Why didn't they?"

● We're getting a bang out of the bangs on the campus. They say some mighty pretty crops of hair have fallen by the axe.

● We wonder if this student is still blushing. . . Two co-eds were discussing their war-time stockings. One held out her legs and said,

Wauneitas!

Girls, remember the Wauneita Banquet this year is on Monday, March 1, at the Masonic Temple. This year dress is to be informal, so get all dolled up in your best bib and tucker, just like you would if the big man of your life was taking you out to dinner at the Mac with his father and mother—it's a big occasion.

Beth Kerr, Lois MacQueen, Judy Demetrovits and Betty King are in charge of all details. It only costs 85c, and you are sure to have a nice time if you go. We'll be seeing you there!

SELF-PORTRAIT

If anyone ever
Tells me I'm clever
I tell him he's full
Of proverbial bull
(But inwardly chortle
"Oh, witty old mortal
You're cooking with gas!")
BUT
If someone abuses
The whatziz or whoziz
Of my latest endeavor
I tell him he's clever
To have noticed the blunder
(But inwardly thunder,
"Unbearable ass!")
—Lampoon.

Norwegian patriots in a Trondheim movie palace were astonished to see a propaganda film showing the German forces giving food to the Norwegian civil population. For a few minutes they were too amazed to speak. Then one of them stood up and cried, "Stop! You're running the film backwards."

"Look at these?" A shy lad walking behind, paused vaguely, and said, "Nice," nodded, and walked past in a rosy glow of embarrassment.

● There isn't much to be said now against long dresses for graduation. It should have been said before!

● Knee socks have been pushed in and out of college fashions for four years now. Personally, we are in favor of giving them a good shove out! (Ever feel an impulse to shoot at them, boys?)

● We hear a certain blond third year Engineer was handing out cigars on Sunday—the new baby was a girl.



CUPS OF TEA

AND

OTHER THINGS

from "mademoiselle"

All too often we encounter a weird one who uses her head mainly as a place to keep her curls. Such curls, too. Bought at a perfectly sweet sale, my dear—and, consequently, a bargain of friz and limpness, in alternate layers. Our sneery, uppity attitude is not aimed at the economy motives of any such babe, but at her extravagance in laying money on the line for a Cheap permanent. There's nothing cheap about that kind of wave. We've had them. We know. And these, of all times, call for decent grooming—it's part of the national picture of good spirit, efficiency, time-saving. Yes or no, student-pilots?

All right, then. If you need a permanent, now's the time to get it. Easter is icumen in, things in general are growing no cheaper rapidly, and some are becoming scarce. No need to get skittish—most of the better salons have a goodish supply of materials, enough for a few years. Still, prices are bound to zoom, when so many items precious to the war effort are required, too, for our curly heads. Aluminum and steel for machines and driers (old ones will have to be repaired, rather than replaced), foil for permanent-waving pads (cellophane provides one substitute) and the very ingredients of pads and lotions themselves. Hairpins, being of metal, cost like mad, and will no longer be thrown away, but sterilized and used again. There'll be no waste, as in the happy, haphazard past. Well, let's get on.

Who? Now, first of all, who's your operator? He (or she) is of the importance most prime where your tender tendrils are concerned. There's a definite talent required in adapting heat, solutions, implements to the highly individual types of hair. If it's baby, unmanageably fine, the winding rods will be slender-sized, the heating time longer, or the wave solution stronger. If it's coarse, the rods will be plumper, the solution weaker or the heating time briefer. How much or how little all these important factors vary depends upon the skill and knowledge of the person to whom you trust your glorious mop, long may it wave.

The Amazing Machine: Plenty of the hazards of waving have been removed, these many years, by truly extraordinary machines with automatic controls. These can be set for the three basic hair types—fine, medium, coarse—and, amazingly, curls turn out accordingly. Still, no machine being quite human, an experienced person is required to decide how the machine should perform. So, because you have only one head of hair, you'll be choosy about the operator, choosy as a Back Bay

dowager looking over a daughter-in-law.

The Machineless Wave: Now for the machineless method, also uncannily clever. In this, the variation to different hair textures is not in the heating time (no electricity is used), but in the potency of the solution. Your locks are wrapped around rods. Over each is clapped a chemically treated pad which, when saturated with water (yes, just plain H₂O), turns hot, and lo, there's your permanent.

Cold Wave: You've surely heard about the wave that's given sans heat, metal, wires and machinery. Where they put up your hair in little Topsy curls, slide on an airproof cap, and drape a jersey turban over all. You can go forth, to return at a time prescribed by your operator. It's been found especially good, this cold wave, for delicate, difficult hair.

Very Dry, Indeed: In this world, nothing is gor nothing, so you've no right to expect a lovely wave if you won't prepare your hair to receive it properly. If you hatch is brittle and dry, any self-respecting operator will warn you. "Mme," (she will say), "conscience does not permit me to give you a wave with your hair in This Condition." And don't be so loftily suspicious; when she claims you need a few treatments she is not necessarily trying to sell you a bill of goods. She, sensibly, doesn't want you running around all fuzzy and telling people to stay away from her door. Have a few professional oil shampoos; or do the lubricating at home before you hand over your dry hank of hair to the wavers. Start, say, three weeks before, with weekly hot-oil rubs (olive oil, with one-fourth castor oil); pomade rubbed into the scalp and on hair-ends whenever they're noticeably dry; the brush (good for any hair condition); and avoid any tonic or setting lotion that owns to alcohol—that's carrying send to the Sahara.

Jeanie With the Late Brown Hair: As one who, a time back, got her hair-lights straight from the bottle, we can tell you that No, bleaching or dyeing in no way prevents your having a successful permanent. But wait, pixies! The home-done coloring job, so often overdone, can weaken hair to a point where over-bleached portions quietly part company with the rest, when exposed to intense heat. Still, none but a bargain-basement shoppe will take you on — without suggesting corrective steps—if hair is brassyly unsafe to wave. Use the same conditioning methods as those given for dry, brittle hair. And you might consider an oil permanent—wherein the regular wave solution is combined

with oil to protect hair from the heat.

Test Curls: Terribly important, these, so don't try to save a few moments' time by omitting them, or you'll alas the day. Have two or three made, and when the little experimental ringlets are unwound, give them a finger-test. If they're dry, start complaining at once, but loud. If they're dewily moist, with plenty of bounce and springiness, give the starting signal.

Too Curly or Too Straight? Now, we don't mean to be an old vinegar-puss, always pointing, with shudders, to danger and catastrophe. Still, why not be prepared for every emergency? Like: Would you be furious if your hair turned out too wavy—or more furious if it turned out not wavy enough? (All this forewarning's in the event that someone new, who doesn't know your hair, is giving the wave.) Then, come the test curl, ask for one to be made in less time than the time prescribed by the operator for her test curl. And see, when both are unfurled, which seems more like the curl of your dreams. This trial-by-error method holds good most of all for bleached hair, where you'll certainly choose the less-curled version if it's got a reasonable amount of gumption to it—better undercurled than sorry, we always say.

Cutting It Short: Now, the long and short of the cropping question. Practically everyone is shearing off the lions' manes. Somehow, they just don't look smart any more, whether they droop from beneath a pansy-sprinkled hat or from under a service cap. The short, aureole cut has really caught on, though it's taken a war to make it actually happen. Now, look—before you get your permanent for a new, retrousse cut, be sure to tell your hairdresser exactly the fashion you plan to wear it in. Certain styles require a tighter curl than others.

Three-inch-short hair calls for more frequent permanents (grows about a half-inch a month). On the other hand, given a good permanent, a really talented cutting, you can take care of it yourself. So, balancing up \$\$\$ and hours, you should come out ahead, really. Besides, you'll be in step with The Times, in which it's fine to be feminine, but silly to wear your hair in a cape.

We're a nation at war. We, all of us, have a job to do. Maybe it's to earn our own daily vitamins. Maybe, to aid importantly in the war effort. All the way round, it's necessary to look neat, smart and just as pretty as possible. In double-quick time, too, so be certain your permanent gives you the perfect foundation.

PATTER

Can't you imagine just how much the fellows would appreciate it if the girls were to press their uniforms. Of course, the girls would get credit for hours of warwork in return. They love a uniform, but how much more so when well-pressed, with their own little hands, too.

Right now, even more so than in the past, it is generally considered a great privilege to attend University. Why is this? It is usually a privilege well-earned.

Consider the student, what are his chances to win? The cards seem to be stacked against him, rather than for him. Nor can the University be very proud of any application of Psychological Principles, not apparent ones at any rate.

Conditions are worse now than at any time. Students have the comments and attitude of the public at large to face. There is the great chance of a break in luck and being sacked as a consequence. There are always exams to worry over—and finances, they, too, are a serious matter to most of us.

All this is very depressing. What keeps the students going then? It must be his willing fighting-spirit, and cheerful soul which refuse to let him become depressed. Most professors are of the type, too, who help a bit, particularly when the student discovers he is a right guy after all.

Who is to blame when you hear someone say, "I don't know the score," the professor or the student? Sometimes one as much as the other is to blame, but if we students were more attentive in lectures, perhaps conditions would change. I challenge any student now who is not quite sure of the score to really concentrate on the lectures, then read his or her notes over at least twice afterwards, and note the improvement in a letter to The Gateway. I'm not wise, either; I learned the hard way. Too many of us depend on the last stretch to cram—remember, that games aren't always won in the last quarter.

Someone should write a book entitled, "Learning About Life from Margie." Who is Margie, and how do they know what she should look like? Who sponsored those signs in Art's rotunda last week, "Be Kind to Margie, Do You Like Margie? Be Kind to Her, We Like Her, Too," etc.

I should like to meet this character, Margie. Tell her to drop around some time when Patter Puff's in.

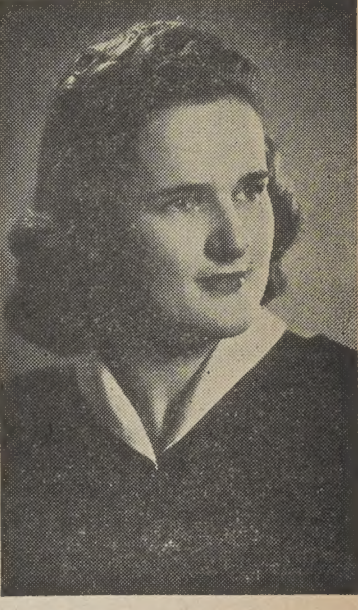
PATTER PUFF.

One day a German officer said to a close-mouthed loyal Dutchman: "Who is behind the resistance given by your people?"

"Only one man," was the reply, "and he is dead."

"What was his name?" pursued the officer.

"William the Silent," replied the Dutchman.



DORIS THOMPSON
Announced last week that the girls would wear formal dresses to graduation exercises and that the Graduation Ball would be semi-formal.

Fashion Dress Shoppe

Fashion Firsts are First at
The Fashion
10146 Jasper Avenue

Staber's-PIONEERS

PERMANENT WAVING



BELOVED BY ALL FOR
FALL HAIR LOVELINESS

PROT-N-IZED
CREAM PERMANENT
TWO LOW PRICES
\$2.00 & \$2.95
WHY PAY MORE?

10047 101A Ave. Ph. 26579
Open at 8 a.m.
NO APPOINTMENT NECESSARY
(Just around the corner from Kresge's)

That Extra Something!

...You can spot it every time

LIKE "winning a letter," keeping out in front of the others takes an extra something. Coca-Cola has it—in taste . . . in quality . . . in refreshment.

The finished art that comes from 57 years of practice goes into the making of Coca-Cola. A special blend of flavour-essences merges all the ingredients of Coca-Cola into a unique, original taste of its own.

There are many ways to quench thirst, but ice-cold Coca-Cola brings true refreshment.

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called Coke. Both mean the same thing . . . "coming from a single source and well known to the community."



With war, there's less Coca-Cola. So Coca-Cola, first choice, tells out first—sometimes it may not be in the red cooler. Worth waiting for . . . those times when "The Coke's in".

The best is always the better buy!

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
EDMONTON

You will appreciate the pleasant atmosphere and finer service at

The Corona Hotel Dining Room

For Reservations Phone 27106

Shop at The BAY

• The FRIENDLY Store for THRIFTY People!

Theatre Directory

ODEON

RIALTO—"Silver Queen," with George Brent and Priscilla Lane, and "The McGuerins From Brooklyn."

VARSCONA—"The Doctor Takes a Wife" and "The Howards of Virginia."

FAMOUS PLAYERS

CAPITOL—"Yankee Doodle Dandy" with James Cagney.

STRAND—"My Sister Eileen," starring Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne and Janet Blair, plus "Bill Elliott and Tex Ritter in "Prairie Guns Smoke."

GARNEAU—"Seven Days' Leave" with Victor Mature and Lucille Ball.

EMPRESS—"Little Tokyo, U.S.A.," with Preston Foster and Brenda Joyce, plus "The Great Gildersleeve" with Harold Peary and Jane Darwell.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

H. G. W. OFF THE BEAM

1934—Japan invades North China.
1935—Influenza starts to sweep the world.
1935—China stages reprisal air raid on Osaka and Tokio.
1937—Naval war breaks out between United States and Japan.
1939—Piracy on the high seas breaks out.
1940—Last great war starts by Polish attack upon Germany.
1941—Advance of kidnapping makes it impossible for anyone of consequence to be unguarded. Complete breakdown of civilization well under way.
1955—Outbreak of maculated fever sweeps off half the world's population.

"When the existing governments and ruling theories of life, the decaying religious and the decaying political forms of today have sufficiently lost prestige through failure and catastrophe, then and then only will world-wide reconstruction be possible. And it must needs be the work, first, of all of an aggressive order of religiously devoted men and women who will try out and establish and impose a new pattern of living upon our race."
(The above is based on a book review commentary appearing in the Edmonton Journal, about the time "The Shape of Things to Come" appeared on the market. Unfortunately at present, the exact date is unobtainable.)

1965—Conference for creation of world state held.
1978—Second world conference leads to establishment of Utopian world state.

Thus H. G. Wells prophesied way back in the early thirties as he ventured an imaginary history on what the next 150 years would hold for the world. From the above, it can be seen it can be seen that he has already been far out on his ideas, although certain basic trends are truly represented here.

In May, 1955, according to Wells, an obscure disease, maculated fever, hitherto confined to baboons, breaks out near the London Zoological Gardens, and spreading with amazing rapidity, wipes out half the world's population. The world's sanitary and medical services had completely broken down as a result of the war. The world goes rapidly downhill from 1933 on, and not until 2010 is there a return to material prosperity under the Air Dictatorship.
"The causes of the world collapse in the 20th Century," Wells writes in his imaginary history, "were, first, monetary inadaptability, secondly, the disorganization of society through increased productivity, and thirdly, the great pestilence. War was not the direct cause. The everyday life of man is economic, not belligerent, and it was strangled by the creditor."

Franklin D. Roosevelt struggled gallantly, but came too late, says Wells. By 1975 debt serfdom is appearing everywhere. In 1978, the first world council is set up with supreme power over the world. Gradually the face of the world is changed. Disease, greed, slums and other afflictions of mankind are eliminated. No single human being exists without a fair prospect of self-fulfillment, health and freedom. Millions now living may see the start of the perfect world state of the 1970's—if they escape the war, famine and pestilence that Wells talks about. Well's closes his book with:

Hannah-McNally

Wedding bells will be set a-ringing for Helen Kathleen McNally next Friday, March 5. Known to nearly all students in the University Arts Library by sight, if not by name, Helen has been on the staff since the U. of A. in 1937 with her Bachelor of Arts degree, and the following year took the librarians course offered by the University of Toronto and leading to the degree of Bachelor of Library Science.

Helen will become Mrs. Russell Hannah. The groom to be is at present attending the University, and will graduate in Electrical Engineering this spring. We are sure that the members of the student body wish them every success and happiness.

STILL WITH US
(SLIDE RULE SLANTS)

Any similarity between this column and perverted humor is purely coincidental, and any slurs at the Council, living or dead, are purely accidental.

Students Only

Come with us gently now, as we pick our way through the fields of lavender, being careful not to crush any of the wilting pansies which bend and bow to the breeze of rumors.

Once upon a time the Engineers had an annual tussle with the Meds. Something happened.
Once upon a time the Engineers had an annual banquet. Something happened.
And then we had a Gateway. Something happened.
Now all we have is our pants. Go ahead.

Perhaps the student brass hats don't like our type of humor, but at least it was good or poor enough to have the worst of it copied by some other college newspapers in the Dominion this month.

There is a humor magazine, name of Judge, which has been in the business since way back in 1880, when women had to buy bustles instead of their coming ready made. This magazine sees fit to dish out 25 skins once a month to the witty bloke who can best title a cartoon which they publish.

Well, one of the "minority" around here, a proud third year Civil with the name of Bowden printed on his ration card, is now rubbing between his palms five of those pretty blue ones for suggesting the most "humorous" title for the January contest.

The gutter may be "perverted," but it is nice down here.

And by the way, one overtown newspaper saw fit to copy parts of at least four of the Engineers' Gateway articles—so we must have printed something.

Apparently The Gateway isn't the only college newspaper that is encountering difficulty in walking that narrow path between the censor and bankruptcy. It seems that another "Engineers' Edition" was put out by the Jewish Engineers or Commerce faculty of McGill, which resulted in the temporary suspension of the McGill Daily. It seems that they published a "blatantly smutty" edition containing offensive articles and cartoons about certain officials.

The Smokers are coming thick and fast these days, and any of you beermen (ironical term these days, isn't it?) who are missing them should certainly reform your ways. Besides the coke-guzzling campaign that features each session, there are being presented some very interesting papers in the Webb Memorial Competition.

Next time the prof asks you why your assignment is late, just point to an E.S.S. meeting and all will be forgiven.

Know any good jokes?

After the attempted bombing of Hitler in the Munich Brauhaus became known, the following notices appeared in the windows of several butcher shops in Prague the next morning:
"There will unfortunately be no lard or pork today as the swine wasn't killed yesterday."

OSTRICHATTER

By R. G. Fisk

Friends, the ostrich is the ultimate in birdies, And circumambulates the veldt in herdies,
With a neck you might suppose Was once the village fire hose,
Well, sir, I'm absolutely at a loss for better wordies.

Bue even so, however, notwithstanding, Since this ostrich information you're demanding,
Be informed that ostrich pullets Feed on boots, and bolts, and bullets
And any odds and ends you might be handing.

Once an ostrich institution operator Thought he'd incubate an ostrich egg, but later
When he went to check results He got a check that stopped his pulse,
For the chick had absolutely et the incubator.

Later on he crossed a game-cock with his broiler, And the combination hatched an awful spoiler,
For it perforated logs And punctured bulls and mules and hogs,
And made a lattice of a locomotive boiler.

There's an ostrich dude ranch in the West, I've heard, Where the ladys guests' sombreros look absurd;
For they've added ostrich plumage To the other fool costumeage,
And they've plucked the quills from every blooming bird.

Too Bad, Adolf!

Hitler and Goering went to Calais and stood looking sadly across the Channel towards England. Suddenly Goering said, "Adolph, I have an idea. When I was at school, I remember I learned a story about a man who divided the sea in order to enable his army to cross on dry land." Then he added doubtfully, "But I think he was a Jew."
Hitler, very excited and past caring whether the man was a Jew or not, sent immediately for a Rabbi. When he came the Fuehrer asked him, "Is it true that a Jew once divided the sea, leaving dry land for his army to cross?"
"Certainly," was the answer. "It was Moses."
"Where is he now?"
"I am afraid he has been dead a long time."
"Well, but how did he do it?"
"By striking the sea with a stick given him by God."
"And where is the stick now?"
asked Hitler, very excitedly.
"The stick?" was the quiet reply. "Oh, that is in the British Museum."

Choosing a Vocation, or Why I Didn't

Says I to myself, says I, "My dear fellow, it is high time you chose a career; you're to go to Varsity." Whereupon I sat myself down and pondered. I would consider each faculty in turn, my years of experience in High School had shown me may weak spots—I would choose my career wisely.

Engineering had appealed to me for some time. It seemed such an adventurous calling, but there was a drawback—those adventures are usually quite strenuous. A few other things ran through my head (not bugs). An Engineer is supposed to be a "forty beer man." That sort of thing doesn't suit a man of my calibre—is beer the best they have to offer? An Engineer must be a mathematician, too, and that let me out. It so happens no one dropped me on my head when an infant. Someone in the know claims that extra bump does help. I also remembered seeing Engineers staring through a tranis tat another Engineer holding a big stick. That seemed silly to me—now, if someone else were hold that stick, someone who . . .

And so for the aboce main reason and a few minor ones, I decided it would be useless for me to study Engineering. Besides, my mother likes nice jokes.

After that some misdirected soul

suggested that I should take Theology—I had the fact. That was a poor suggestion—I sometimes get the most fiendish ideas. The Theology course also brought another weakness of mine to the fore. Theologs take languages, dead ones. I couldn't afford to get that other foot any closer to the grave.

Suppose I did get through the course, those ideas of mine would still get me in wrong. I might wink slyly at some member of the congregation and be caught—if she were pretty there would be a scandal within a week. Such things never suffer a crop failure. If my aim had proved poor and got some "never in the run" type of spinster, the results would be even worse. Among the ministerial duties is that of visiting members of the congregation. Pictured in my mind were some pretty doggone boresome afternoons and some . . . The percentage of "some" would be pretty low. It just wouldn't do, me taking Theology. Too much devil, that's all.

To become a doctor is an ambition common to many. I was no exception. Medicine is a truly great course and career, but the years of study! Simply impossible for me; my intelligence necessitates twice the study of any average person. A doctor loses an awful lot of sleep, too, and besides, look at the long

Still Another Gal's Opinion

This is not intended to be an attack on last week's article presenting the case of men vs. clothes, but I do think that the men, to say nothing of the clothes, were perhaps unjustly dealt with; hence this amendment.

The situation does not appear quite so bad as may be made out, although there is no reason why we shouldn't all have our own ideas concerning the matter at hand, and a gentle hint to smart attire is certainly not out of the way. But the fact remains that after carefully diagnosing the case, there isn't a great variety of choice left for the male, who is expected to follow the example of some "dream guy" of the movies, when so many styles are restricted. The green color combination, brown pin stripes, or even that serge—be it navy or black—furnish sufficient examples; after all, our men don't see fit to go about the halls of learning in bright red suits like some of the fairer sex seem to think they can get away with.

While on the topic of women, it is worth-while to note in passing that, although extremely complex, their mode of attire is an easier matter, due to the fact that they are not restricted by one particular style—theirs is variety unlimited, and ob-serve the advantage they make of

that fact.

The question of white shirts on all occasions would increase the laundry bill no enw, and also would necessitate an increase in the number of shirts—otherwise, with laundries unable to meet the demands of the day, we might find our male absent from lectures one morning simply because he gave the shirt off his back to be a fashionable guy!

On the whole, I think the male population of the U. of A. is quite a respectable sight, and compares favorably with the opposite sex. Doubtless a large percentage of these all-important men are putting themselves through Varsity, and may be at the present time without the comforts of home or "Mom" to perform the little tasks of mending, pressing, etc. Therefore, let us not judge too harshly for the time which in days of peace was spent on individual grooming and which may now be spent on individual grooming, but in the form of cleaning army boots and polishing buttons, which must be done, or else!

However, there is no need for the male to grow careless. The person who said that "Clothes make the man" may not be perfectly justified; still, the idea was a good one, so just look your best, boys, and we'll like you just ever so much.

hours he works. Not for me—"I'll let George look after the welfare of the people." He'll get that pretty nurse, too, lucky dope.

There must be something lacking in my make-up; I wasn't able to become the slightest bit enthused about Agriculture. My hands blister so easily and I am allergic to hard work. Think of their hours of sweat and toil, not for me, thank you! An Ag does come in for lots of fresh air, though, but I'll just open the window, thank you. I'm simply not the type.

Why some moron should suggest I teach, I don't know. In spite of appearances being against many teachers, they are usually fairly intelligent. That left me out again. Another thing—it frightens me when I see what a few years of teaching do to some. It is really a tough profession. My constitution wasn't meant to withstand that.

After that horrid thought came the idea of taking Household Economics. Then my interest did perk up. It was as close as I would ever get to "Arabian Nights," and good food always did conjure up delightful visions besides a few nightmares. (Not taking Ag, I felt the latter would no longer trouble me.) Another thing, if I could cook and sew, perhaps I would find some energetic, hardworking little women to keep house for. That would be ideal.

So with such enchanting thoughts I registered. After carefully filling in the registration sheet, I was directed to an adviser. This chap glanced over the sheet and seemed rather puzzled. Thoughtfully he checked it again. He then regarded me quizzically, squinting, tapping the table—"Young man, is this your idea of a joke?"

"No, sir, I really want to take that course."

"Hotel chef?"

"Oh, no, sir, nothing as hard as that."

"H'mmm," pause. "You are really sure this is the course you want?"

"Why, yes."

The way he looked at me, you'd think I was nuts. But apparently he was out of his element, for he took me over to another adviser and fled. This one was a cute little woman with a sweet smile. "Boy!" I thought, "perhaps it will help if I turn on a little charm." It didn't. She soon left to consult with several others. Finally, they all returned and gave a true baptism of fire. It was most certainly the most thorough of all quizzical quizzes. The result: I don't take Household Economics. The more time that goes by the more convinced I am that I should have been registered in that course. It might be most interesting.

So now you know of my secret ambition and how little hope I have of fulfilling it. Here I am left at loose ends and no way to turn. But never mind, I'll make out! I'll keep my chin up!

—C. J. C.

The Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of Canada

EXAMINATIONS, 1943

The Examination for the Fellowship is divided into two parts, viz., the first examination or Primary, the second examination or Final.

The subjects of the Primary Examination are: Anatomy, including Histology and Embryology; Physiology, including Biochemistry.

The Primary Examination is partly written and partly oral and must be passed as a whole.

The Primary Examination may be taken at any time after the candidate has completed a course of study and passed the examinations, in Anatomy, Histology, Physiology, and Biochemistry, in a Medical School or University approved by Council. The candidate must submit a certificate thereof with his application.

LANGUAGES OF EXAMINATION

Candidates at the time of making application for either the Primary or the Final Examination shall indicate whether they desire to be examined in the French or English language.

STANDARDS OF QUALIFICATION

No particular list of text books or syllabus is recommended to cover any subject. All candidates are expected to demonstrate a thorough knowledge of the subjects in which they are to be examined and to be familiar with the current literature relating thereto.

In their answers, written or oral, candidates in the Final Examination must show evidence of critical judgment.

PLACES AND DATES OF EXAMINATIONS, 1943

The Centres selected for the Written Examinations are: Vancouver, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Winnipeg, London, Toronto, Kingston, Montreal, Quebec, and Halifax.

SPECIAL Primary Examination—May 31st and June 1st

Annual Examinations—October 4, 5th and 6th

Oral Examinations in the Primary subjects and Oral and Clinical Examinations in the Final subjects will be held as follows:

SPECIAL Primary Examination at Montreal—June 15th

Annual Examinations at Toronto—October 25th and 26th

Candidates who are graduates of 1930 or prior thereto of a Medical School or University approved by Council shall not be required to take the Primary Examination, but shall in the Final Examination demonstrate a general and practical knowledge of the clinical application of Anatomy and Physiology.

This special examination shall be conducted by Clinicians.

Address all communications to:

WARREN S. LYMAN, M.D., F.R.C.P. (C),
Honorary Secretary,
Room 3018, National Research Laboratories,
Sussex Street, Ottawa, Ontario.

A SHORT STORY

A GREAT MAN DIES

By M.M.

The Very Reverend Andrew Matheson scanned the crowd over his prayer book, as was his custom when he came to a line or two he knew by heart, and sighed. "It would take a funeral!" he said to himself. "If we could pass the plate around today the new hymn books would be as good as ours." With another sigh, he glanced back at the prayer book in his hand, and his bass voice boomed out over the congregation as he again focussed his attention on the hymn.

As the last notes of "Peace, Perfect Peace" sounded on the organ, Andrew Matheson sank to his knees, and with him sank the whole of mourning today for her first citizen Georgetown. The town was in mourning today for her first citizen—Henry Chesterton. Henry Chesterton, who had changed Georgetown from a doddering agricultural town to a flourishing manufacturing centre. Henry Chesterton, the friend of the working man, who had known every citizen by name and been loved by them all. The little Anglican church was packed with people from every class and creed. People who had come to pay a last tribute to the most "magnetic" man most of them would ever meet.

The Chesterton pew in the corner was crowded, and its occupants wriggled to their knees from the crowded seat with difficulty—Amy Chesterton, wife of the deceased, George, Anna, Elizabeth and Grace, the four Chesterton children; Hugh and Henrietta, Anna's children; and Geoffrey Lancaster, Anna's husband.

Amy Chesterton gripped the back of the Gooderer's pew in front of her as she felt for the kneeling bench. She tried to focus her attention on the strong voice of the clergyman and to understand what he was saying about Henry. She was so tired. She hadn't realized how tired she was until she saw the pallbearers bring in Henry's casket. She'd been tired for years. She never could keep up to Henry, Henry the energetic, Henry who never was tired, who never wanted to rest. Those two weeks of Henry's illness had taken more out of her than all the long speeches and discourses of Henry's whole career. There had been little sleep for her while Henry was suffering from pneumonia. There were all the worrying visits of Dr. Gunther at all hours of the night, and as Henry's condition grew more and more serious, the visits of Mr. Matheson himself. That last night they had both been there right up to the end, and she had sat on the hard chair beside the bed watching Henry grow weaker and weaker, as Matheson repeated prayers in a low voice and Gunther read charts and gave hypodermics and the white-capped nurse bustled around, until hypodermics and prayers and clergyman and doctor and nurse had all seemed to be part of a huge blur. Then at three o'clock the end had come, and she had had to tell the children. What was Mr. Matheson saying? It wasn't proper not to pay attention at the funeral of your own husband. Amy closed her eyes and listened to the voice of the very reverend Andrew Matheson. "A great man and a good man," Matheson was saying, "Georgetown will feel his absence." It was true, Amy thought, George had been a great man, and he had also been a good man. He'd helped a great many people. Look at the way he had helped Grace when she and David were having all those quarrels. He had told David he would have to leave if he didn't know how to treat his wife. Never in all their thirty-five years of marriage had she herself and Henry had a serious quarrel. Henry hadn't been the kind of man you could argue with. In any difference of opinion, Henry was right, and he was very patient in showing you that he was right. . . . It all seemed far away now, Amy thought. All that seemed to be real now was that she would at last be able to rest. Now there would be no Henry to keep up with, and she could rest.

"Poor Mother," thought Grace Ashton from her knees, as she watched her mother through half-closed lids. "Mother will be lost without Daddy. Daddy was always so strong-minded and seemed to be able to smooth things out without any fuss. Remember the way he took care of me when David and I didn't seem to be able to make a go of things. Funny, that was two whole years ago. It doesn't seem that long, somehow. I wonder where

David is now." The voice of the clergyman brought Grace out of her thoughts, and she bent her head forward devoutly. "I think I'll write David a letter and tell him about Daddy. Poor David. He was so short-tempered. I should have been nicer to him. I started a good many of those little battles, I'm sure I did. We might have been able to make a go of it, but Daddy thought we would be best apart. He said no two people who couldn't live together without quarrelling ought to be together, and I suppose he was right. Funny thing. I never even thought about whether he was right or not; you really couldn't with Daddy. All the same, I'd like to see David again. Maybe now that we're both a little older . . . " "We must all ask God to watch out for the sorrowing family of Henry Chesterton." . . . Andrew Matheson's voice brought Grace guiltily down to earth and focussed her attention again on the service.

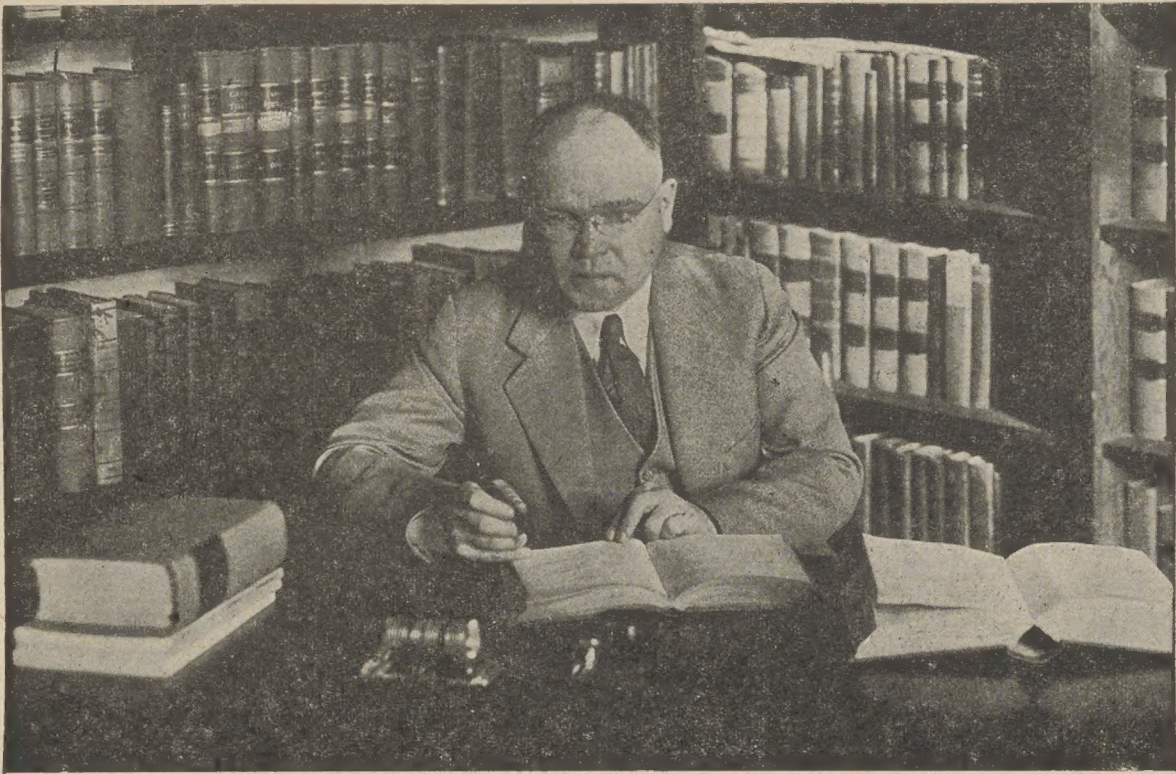
Anna Lancaster glanced over her black-clad shoulder at the people in the church. "Daddy would be pleased to see that everybody came," she thought. "I wonder what it was about Daddy. I don't believe half of these people would have come for any of the rest of us. They're not even all of them from the snop. I wonder where Daddy met them all, and I wonder what all those people from the shop will do without him. George says he knew everyone personally and lways knew about their families and their troubles. . . . I suppose now the children won't be going back to school. It was good of Daddy to send them to that expensive place. Still, it would be nice to have them home. Henrietta is only eight, and it won't hurt her to be at home for a while. She always seems to be so miserable at going away. I know Daddy thought it was best to send them, even though it is so far away. But it will be nice to have them home with me . . . "

Geoffrey Lancaster thumped his son Hugh on the back, to remind him that Church was not the place to converse with his sister. Hugh obligingly lapsed into silence, and Geoffrey returned to his own thoughts. "It's hard to believe that Henry Chesterton is dead. Ever since I first met Anna, he was the member of the family who I thought would live the longest. Never thought anything could kill Henry. I've never seen such energy in a human being before. He seemed to know all and see all. Henry has been mighty good to me. Sending the kids to school, and insisting on helping us with our rent. Said Anna and the kids deserved more than I could give them on my little income. Awfully fond of Anna and the kids, old Henry was. Wouldn't hear of us moving to Johnsville when I heard that Scott was retiring and I could get his practice cheap. I told him there was no use in trying to make a living at law here when Howard and Manville have such a strong foothold, but he just showed me how much better it was to earn a little and be near your own people than be far away and make more money. He told me money wasn't important, and I agreed with him. It's going to be hard to keep Anna the way she's used to now that those little presents will stop, and the whole estate will go to George and Amy. It'll be rather wonderful somehow to be independent at last, though. I'd like to try Johnsville, if Scott's offer still holds. Henry was a good man, and I'd give my right arm to have kept him alive, but it's going to feel fine to be on my own again, and know that I'm supporting my family and not being supported. . . . What am I thinking? Here I am feeling happy at the funeral of the man who has done more for me and my family than anyone alive." Geoffrey looked down at Elizabeth kneeling beside her mother—Elizabeth, the youngest of the Chesterton's, and reputedly her father's favorite. "Elizabeth will miss her father more than the others," Geoffrey thought. "They were such good friends, and they did everything together . . . "

Elizabeth Chesterton stared over the edge of her prayer book at the broad back of William MacGregor, who was in the pew across from them and one row in front. William had been interested in the youngest of the Chesterton family, until Henry Chesterton had showed Elizabeth how wrong it was for a girl of nineteen to be considering mar-

THE GATEWAY

Law Club Unveils Portrait



JOHN ALEXANDER WEIR, K.C., B.A., LL.B.

The Law Club recently unveiled the above commemorative picture of their affectionately remembered Dean. The picture, attractively framed, now hangs in the Senior Law Library, where for many years he presided with humanity and acumen.

John Alexander Weir was born December thirteenth, eighteen hundred and ninety-four, at Ardock, North Dakota, the son of the Reverend Richard and Margaret Moir Weir. As his father received calls to new congregations the family moved from place to place. From Ardock to Hensell, Ontario, in 1896, to Petrolia, Ontario, in 1898, to Regina in 1901. Here he began his formal education in the Regina Public Schools. In 1908 the family moved to Saskatoon, and John Weir was enrolled at Nutona Collegiate Institute. Here he began to display his powers as a student, winning several prizes and medals and graduating with the University and Chancellor's Scholarships.

He entered the University of Saskatchewan in September, 1912, and was selected Rhodes Scholar for Saskatchewan in 1914. From the University of Saskatchewan he received his Bachelor of Arts in 1915 and his Bachelor of Laws in 1916, both with the highest honors, including the Carswell Prize and the Governor General's Gold Medal. In 1916 he enlisted in the Army Medical Corps, from which he transferred (overseas) to the Royal Air Force, in which he held the rank of Flying Officer at the close of the War. Continuing his interrupted studies, he took up his Rhodes Scholarship at Merton College, Oxford, in 1918. There he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in the School of Jurisprudence with first class honors. He was awarded a further scholarship by Oxford University which enabled him to take another year of graduate study. During vacations he travelled extensively in France, Italy and Germany.

In 1921 he came to Alberta, where he became the first professor of Law and later Dean of the Faculty. In July, 1926, at Pasadena, California, he married Elizabeth Teviotdale, the daughter of James Ramsay and Elizabeth Fleming Teviotdale. Dean Weir had three brothers and two sisters; James, Professor of Engineering, McGill University (died 1941), George Moir, formerly professor University of British Columbia, later Minister of Education in that province, and now Assistant Director of Training for Rehabilitation of Men in the Armed Forces, and Archibald Richard, Registrar, University of Saskatchewan. His two sisters are Mrs. Hugh McLean, Los Angeles, and Elizabeth, Vancouver. His wife and their three children, Elizabeth, Ramsay and John, survive him.

Dean Weir divided his life between his family and the University, and the University had no ground to complain of the division. Every morning early whether or not the University was in session he was in his office working and did not leave until late. Frequently he returned at night, and more frequently he took work home with him to finish. Throughout his teaching career he carried the heavy burden of the Law School with never more than one full-time assistant. In 1930 arrangements were in prospect for the

addition of a third full-time man, but the next year the University grant was drastically reduced and his hope in this matter was disappointed. But the work had to be done, and Dean Weir's efforts to keep up to date with changes in the law and carry his heavy teaching load imposed a severe strain upon him. He worked all the time; he never complained and he literally wore himself out.

All last year his health was a cause of anxiety to his friends. But the only admission he would make even to himself was that it was difficult to accomplish his day's work and that he was forced to make it a longer day's work because the work had to be done no matter what the effort cost. His determination carried him to the last day of classes last spring. Then and not until then he collapsed. In the hospital he asked for frequent bulletins of the examination results. He was filled with pride and gratitude to the students who had all done excellent work under the most difficult conditions. The day after Convocation he drifted into unconsciousness, and quietly slipped away on the third of June. His collapse at the end of classes and his relaxation of his hold on life only after he knew that the school year was definitely over, show all too clearly that his devotion to duty had for some time been driving him beyond his physical strength.

Apart from scholarly distinction, what did this prematurely closed life accomplish? In the main three things: (1) Twenty-one years of excellent teaching and guidance for members of the legal profession in this province. In those twenty-one years John Weir taught more classroom hours than most law school professors teach in twice that number of years. His unassuming, undemanding, cheerful, single-minded devotion to duty made this exploitation almost inevitable in a University whose services had far outstripped its income. (2) About one hundred and fifty pages of published writing, and more than twice that amount of manuscript almost ready for publication. (3) The building up of a Law School at this University. When he commenced his work it did not exist. He left it a going concern with a high reputation, both within and without the province, for the scholarship of its graduates. It is the solemn duty of the present students and teachers to see that it fulfils the promise of its early years. Immediately the war is over, if we are to escape chaos, there will be a terrible need for men whose minds are trained in rational thinking about human conflicts, and no institution is better qualified to supply that training than a modern law school where students spend their energies in critical functional analysis of human conflicts and of the solutions to them which have been offered by courts and legislatures.

The Law Club and the Alberta Bar Association have appointed a committee to develop a plan to perpetuate the memory of the man who gave his life to this Law School. At present two plans are being considered, first, the raising of funds to create the "John Alexander Weir Memorial Scholarship," and secondly, the publication, in book form, of the late Dean's writings.

FROM OTTAWA

Bashful Betty Learns French

By M.E.R.

Dear Marge:

I have become so much attached to the French and their language and their customs that it's going to be very hard indeed to go home when the time has come.

The French at the Chateau Laurier, for example, are so very, very nice to me. When I first started work as cashier here in the Main Dining Room, and had been warned about what rogues and scoundrels they were, and how often they tried to cheat the white-haired, dignified cashier who was showing me the ropes, I was so scared that I couldn't count the money right. And so I gave out the wrong change—always too much—over and over again—and they would look at me, with an odd little quizzical smile and tell me, in their soft, accented English, to count it again. Or they would bring it back half an hour later, when I didn't even know I had given out too much, and I would find myself clutching a five or ten-dollar bill and saying fervent prayers of thanks that there are still honest people in the world. And so, at the end of every day, my "bank" would balance while the experienced cashiers would tell how much they had lost. And they couldn't understand how a "greenhorn" cashier could help losing money on the job—little did they know how many of the waiters had brought back good-sized amounts to straighten out my financial status.

I have improved now, and no longer gice away young fortunes, even when we're as rushed as rushed can be. Yet only this morning I gave a bus-boy five dollars too much, realized it a couple of minutes later, and the prim and proper captain in charge of the dining-room went running down the whole length of the dining-room, dodging ferns, plate-glass mirrors and astonished customers, to rescue my money from the customer just as he put out his hand to take it. Some fun!

The waiters are teaching me French, too. They used to talk among themselves in French but speak to the cashiers always in English, halting and broken, but always in English because the cashiers and the whole hotel have a rather contemptuous regard for French. Then a few of the would add bits of French pet names, thinking I wouldn't understand them. Result: I went back to the place I'm staying and memorized a whole list of the most endearing expressions in the language, and the next time one of the waiters added a pet name in French to what he was saying, I replied in French and called him "my little white lamb." Marge, you should have seen the astonishment register on his face—just like pushing a coin in a slot machine and getting the result you expected. . . . But now they all swap French with me, and patiently spend all their slack hours telling me all their troubles in French, and giving me lessons in vocabularies and accent and expression. Oh, it's fun. Even the chefs in the hotel are now teaching me the French for every-

thing from ham sandwiches to swordfish. . . . The waiters are nice, too, in other ways; they always smuggle us in something extra-nice to eat; sometimes a sundae with whipped cream and fresh strawberries, always the most delicious coffee in the world, and always cookies or cake or pie or something else. Oh, it's a wonderful, wonderful system! I'm getting almost fat—believe it or not—and very, very contented with the world. I like my French waiters; they're the most obliging people in the world. Now they're teaching me the swear-words they use among themselves; I wanted to complete my education because I couldn't understand what they said to one another half the time. They have censored some of the swear-words, but at least I'll have a general idea of the drift of their conversation.

I ran across a bit of a story here—a pathetic little bit of a thing that lingers on whenever I have been talking to too many cynical people, and sort of raises my opinion of people. Down here in the hotel, in the Main Dining Room just the other night there was a tall, good-looking young fellow with the most lonely expression you have ever seen in all your born days. He was from Fort William, and was drifting around the big towns trying to forget that the girl he was going to marry had died just two days before the marriage. He felt lost and deserted, was trying to readjust himself to a new life which looked endlessly vacant to him; somehow it was impossible not to feel some of his heartbreak and desolation. And yet I can't help feeling that—despite all the cynicism and disillusionment of life—it is good to have something that shows that people's hearts are never too much hardened. And you know, Marge, perhaps away out in Eternity, the girl will "know, and remember, and understand." I think so; and I think it would comfort her very much indeed.

Yours,
BETTY.

Fraternities!

Order your

PLEDGE PINS

INITIATION BADGES

and

JEWELLED PINS

from

Henry Birks & Sons

(Western) Ltd.

Agents for Balfour in Canada

Try them in the Classroom!

The TURQUOISE drawing pencil makes smooth, clean black lines or shading without undue pressure.

That is why it is the choice of art and manual training teachers, architects, engineers and business men.

The composition of the lead is such that the pencil writes smoothly, and the super binding process binds wood and lead together, giving greater strength to the point.

The same qualities which make TURQUOISE so popular in technical use, makes it the ideal pencil for the classroom. Whether for drawing, making notes or marking test or examination papers, TURQUOISE is your best choice.

EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED, TORONTO

CAMEO CABARET

Dine and Dance at the

C A M E O

Fri. Dancing til 2 a.m., Sat. til 12 p.m.

JOHNSON'S CAFE

Good food is good health

Corner of 101st Street and Jasper

A. ASHDOWN MARSHALL

AND ASSOCIATES

OPTOMETRISTS

EYES EXAMINED, GLASSES DESIGNED, ACCURATE REPAIRS

BETTER GLASSES - BETTER HEALTH

Edmonton Branch: 10345 Jasper Ave.

Phone 22342

riage, and especially marriage to a man in the grocery business. "I wonder," thought Elizabeth, "why Daddy didn't like William. He said William was not making enough money to support a family and it wasn't right for me to go on seeing him when I knew I could never marry him. I wonder if William would still want to marry me? Of course, I couldn't marry him. Daddy made me realize that William was not ambitious enough ever to get very far. Still, I don't think I would mind. It might be rather restful to live with someone who wasn't eternally blasting forth ambition—though Mother didn't seem to mind. Poor Mother, she certainly looks worn out. I suppose Daddy's illness took a lot out of her. . . . My, I had forgotten the funny way William's hair curls over his ears. It was nice of William to come. I think I'll ask him how he's getting on, after the service is over." Elizabeth was stricken with a sudden pang of conscience. "Here I am deciding to speak to the man that Daddy hated, and at Daddy's own funeral, but there could be no harm in just asking William how the store is going." Elizabeth glanced at her brother George, the eldest member of the Chesterton family, who was kneeling beside her. "Poor George," she thought to herself, "he'll be left to manage the factory, and he always said he didn't know how Daddy handled the men the way he did. Poor George."

George Chesterton eased back on to his seat. He had always managed to wiggle out of the weekly church service, and all this kneeling was hard on the knees. He finally attained the comfortable half-sitting, half-kneeling position of the comfort loving devout, which afforded a better view of the people in the church. "Nearly all the workers are here," he noticed, "very decent of them. Dad would have liked that. They certainly respected Dad, those workers did. I don't think I'll ever be able to get the service out of them that Dad did. They always seem to sense that I really don't know much more about the parts than they do themselves, and perhaps they are right. I don't believe I was made to be a factory manager. I wonder what kind of a painter I would have made. Not up to much, I guess. It's a good thing Dad

You'll Be Transformed! Even You!

Comments in Sanskrit, in Runic, and Cuneiform, Quote the historic cliché, That the meekest of men when encased in a uniform Fights like a tiger at bay. The Assyrian cohorts would probably wince At charging like wolves on the fold. Unless they gained courage and confidence, since They were gleaming with silver and gold. The Greeks and the Trojans felt very much calmer, If present at vigorous fights, To find themselves crated in form-fitting armor, And so did the Middle-Aged knights. So hurrah for the suits of our soldiers and seamen! Hurrah for the khaki and blue! You'll soon be transformed to a fierce-fighting demon. Aye, little man, even you.

—AGO in "Harvard Lampoon."

argued me out of going to an art school when I got that bug. The name of Chesterton is famous for the parts we manufacture, as Dad said, and it's my place to keep it famous. Funny though, I'm scared of running that factory. I'm not the sort of man to inspire hours of faithful service. Take Andy Martin, now, he's the man who could get everything from the men. He's got an eight horse-power motor for a heart, and I'll bet he eats machine oil for breakfast. Nothing about machinery Andy doesn't know, and the men realize that and respect him for it. I've got a good mind to ask Andy how he'd like to supervise till I get the hang of things. If Andy works out, I think I'll just have a look at that art school prospectus. I wonder if twenty-eight is too old to learn. . . . My God, what am I thinking?" thought George as the voice of Matheson broke in on his thoughts. George hurriedly assumed the uncomfortable kneeling position of the very devout, shut his eyes tight and concentrated on hearing the rest of Andrew Matheson's prayer. . . .

Nearly fifty silent cars wound up the hill to the Roseland cemetery in the wake of the long black hearse. In the first car sat Amy Chesterton and her daughter Elizabeth, her son George, and her daughter Grace. In the next car were Anna and Geoffrey Lancaster and their two children. In the following cars came Georgetown—the cars as varied as the citizens themselves.

Visit

BRITISH

WOOLLENS

Greer's Limited

Men's Wear Specialists

BURBERRY COATS for Ladies and Men

10073 Jasper Ave., Edmonton, Alberta

GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

Victoria High School Defeats Co-eds, 26-24

CAUSGROVE AND BELYEA SHINE FOR VARSITY

Hole, Duke Standouts for Vic

SMOOTH, FAST PASSING GAME

Good Defence Work

In one of the most heart-breaking basketball games you could imagine, Varsity dropped the second game to Vic by two points. This time the teams were more evenly matched—Varsity had six players, Vic seven. This meant that the teams got worn out at about the same time, although not quite. It was a fast, clean game, with only seven fouls during the play.

The game began rather well for Varsity with Causgrove sinking a nice one on a smooth pass and break play. Belyea followed that up by sinking a free shot. By the end of the first quarter the score was: Varsity 11, Vic 4.

In the second quarter, Duke sank two baskets, but Belyea and Causgrove retaliated with one each. The play was speeding up by the time the half-time whistle went, and both teams showed that they were tiring.

In the third quarter, it happened—Hole climbed on the beam and in spectacular style sank four baskets. Once she got started, she couldn't miss—and there was certainly no way of stopping her one-handed shot. Varsity came along with another seven points, but somehow their spirit was on the wane. The tally was 22-16, so Varsity still had a healthy lead.

By the last quarter, the Varsity team just couldn't keep up the pace. The score was tied, and Hole kept sinking those uncanny shots. Just before the final whistle there was a scramble underneath Vic's basket, but try as they would (and, believe me, they did) Varsity couldn't score. Vic sank ten points in the last quarter to Varsity's 2. The final score was 26-24, and if you think it was close, you should have seen the playing.

It is hard to pick just one star from the Varsity team, so the honors will have to be divided between Belyea and Causgrove. Belyea played a better scoring game than she has so far, and really cut in with some fast breaks that she made count. Causgrove turned in her usual fine game, but she was heavily checked, especially in the last half. The other players on the Varsity team are apt to pass to her whether she is free or not, and this will put any player in a poor light. Despite this, her playing is still smooth, clean (most of the time)

Sporting Goods, Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases, Musical Instruments
All Moderately Priced
Uncle Ben's Exchange
Located near the Rialto Theatre
Estab. 1912 Phone 22057

Dairy Pool Products
MILK -- CREAM
Alberta Maid Butter
and
Nu Maid Ice Cream
are famous for their
Purity and High Quality

FOR SERVICE, PHONE
28101 - 28102

Northern Alberta Dairy Pool, Ltd.
The Co-operative Dairy



SWEET CAPORAL
Cigarettes

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"

'Gineers Mark 3-1 Hockey Win Over A-C-L

Ags Beat Arts In Basketball

Technical Foul Ties Game—Overtime Period Needed

By Bernie Kelly

In the first round of the Inter-faculty basketball playoffs, the Ags, after five minutes overtime, defeated the Arts by a score of 26-20. Although the game featured low scoring and was somewhat ragged, it was very interesting, for the teams were very evenly matched and there was a keen fight all the way.

The Ags had an edge in the play in the first half, taking that frame by an 11-7 score. Starting the second half the Ags continued to dominate, lengthening their lead by two more baskets. Halfway through the period the Arts came back with a rush, and with only seconds to play were leading 20-19. Then came a break for the Ags. The Arts committed a technical foul, and Garvin took the free throw for the Aggies. As the final whistle blew the ball snapped through the hoop and netting. The score was tied at 20-20.

In the overtime session the Ags sewed up the game, scoring three times without a reply from the Arts. The final score was 26-20.

SWIMMING NOTICE

Tourney Planned for Next Meet

Next Thursday, March 4, at the Y.W.C.A., and starting at 8:30, the Variety Swim Club will hold the Swimming Gala to determine this season's prize-winners. Points will also count on the Bulletin Trophy. The races this year will be short, as it is felt no one is in condition to attempt distance races. All interested parties are asked to be on hand.

Debating Society Discusses Set-up Military Training

Proposals to change the set-up of the army training provided at this University were advanced by the speakers for the affirmative at an Open Forum held February 24th in Med 142.

The Open Forum was sponsored by the Debating Club, and the president, Stan Edwards, introduced the speakers. Bruce Wilson, president of the Senior class and registered in Applied Science, and Bob Sharpe, in Honors Chem, took the affirmative side, and Don Campbell, in Engineering, and Gene LaBrie, a Law student, spoke for the negative side. The topic of the debate was: "Resolved that the relative emphasis on technical, non-technical and military training on this campus does not adequately meet the responsibilities of the University in wartime."

Three responsibilities which the University must accept if it is to justify its existence in wartime were outlined: (1) To provide a steady flow of trained men as potential officers and specialists for the armed forces; (2) to provide trained men and women for war industry; (3) to turn out men and women who will play a major role in post-war rehabilitation.

The affirmative speakers suggested that the basic training period be confined to a three-week camp in the fall, and that during the academic year courses in various subjects of present-day importance be offered, such as "The Present Military Situation on the War-fronts," "Military Law," "Tactics," etc. These would be given three hours a week and would take the place of the present training system.

It was suggested that the government pay the students about \$4.00 per day while attending camp, since that is the amount they would normally be earning during the summer.

The suggestion was also made that the University should include courses such as Civil Engineering, Post-War Rehabilitation, etc., in the curriculum.

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

Go,
Snow.
You're beautiful, I know
In moon glow.
But slush
Is too mush
It's well for the bold
To tramp
In the damp
Of the moldy cold.
But as for I
I do not try
To be rugged.
Don't try to force
Me to winter sports,
You'll be slugged.
Go,
Snow!

Now, read this over again, and this time, out loud.

In the Spotlight

By Gerry Larue

We have been told that there will be false prophets, and by the looks of the Varsity Girls versus Vic score in basketball, your reporter is just that. We prophesied a win, but the best of seers fail once in a while.

What might turn out to be a real smart scheme for raising funds for the Mobile Canteen Fund has been proposed by the ladies on the Senior basketball team. They offer to give of their time and talent to stage an exhibition game against some other city team. They believe that the men could be persuaded to co-operate and play a game the same afternoon. The admission charges would go to swell the fund. What think you? It would give the fans a chance to see their teams in action.

Interfaculty basketball is whipping into the finals. The Meds, recently returned from their one month holiday, have entered a team that promises to provide keen competition for the championship. The Arts forfeited a very important game the other night when a member let slip a naughty word. The technical which followed tied the score, and in the overtime the Arts boys lost out. Arts claim that if they take the basketball championship they will win the Bulletin Trophy, for they say they are sure of the hockey. We will make no forecast.

It looks as if the Assault-at-arms is falling through. The boxing, wrestling and fencing circles have had about the most difficult year that anyone could have wished on them. Being forced to change their training quarters time and again, they lost most of their membership. Coaches faced smaller squads with each training period; sometimes there were no practices at all. It is a pity that these sports have to fade in this way, for the conclusion of this session will establish a precedent which will undoubtedly affect the future of these sports next term.

The Outdoor Club is still a functioning organization. This week the colored movies taken some time ago will be shown to members. They are talking of electing new executives for the coming year, so this meeting should be the biggest yet. Some of the fans managed to get a little tobogganing in last weekend in spite of the fact that the hill was very fast, and therefore somewhat dangerous. There is still the skating rink for those who like to skate.

Birds swished through the air when the badminton fans held their tournament the other night. It was nip and tuck in some of the Student-Prof. battles, and everyone seemed to be happy. This sport has enjoyed a fine season.

Ending the season with a big splash, the swim fans are getting together next week for a grand finale. Under Coach McDiarmid, this club has enjoyed a fairly constant membership, and all-comers have enjoyed themselves. Congratulations, swimmers!

Hockey is swinging into the playoffs. This year we are fortunate in having some real smart and experienced puck-chasers in our midst, as anyone who has been reading Hockey Ratter could tell you. Surely they warrant your support for at least one game, and surely not one U. of A. sport fan would the season to go by without seeing at least one game—so we'll see you at the grid rink for the next battle.

We are sorry to see the season come to a close—there is nothing left to bleat about in this column.

Badminton Tourney Well Supported; Marg Fraser Wins in Ladies' Section

Playoffs to Decide Male Winner Next Week

Faculty and students gathered at the drill hall on Wednesday night for an evening of mixed play. In all, about 40 students and professors tangled in a round-robin tournament, which was briskly run off with three courts seeing full time action from 8-10:30.

The games were all doubles, and the partners chosen indiscriminately, so that no two good players would cop all the honors. For each game a player had a different partner and individual scores were kept, so that the girl and boy with the highest score respectively at the end of the playing received the prizes. The games were ably run off by Prof. Hewitson and George Ballantyne.

Everyone gathered at Little Joe's afterwards for refreshments and the presenting of prizes. Marg Fraser, a freschette from Nelson, won a lovely cup and saucer as lady winner. Runner-up lady was Mrs. Doris Govier. The men's prize, a white scarf, was won jointly by Mr. Vrooman, Prof. Johns, Gordon Gore-Hickman, Prof. Hardy, Bob Clark. These men will finish playing this week to decide a final winner. An exhibition game of men's doubles was given by Hardy-Wilkins vs. Burge-Ballantyne.

NOTICE

Team managers must turn in a list of award winners at once, if these awards are to be on hand for Color Night. Do not forget it is necessary to have crests etc., made, and this takes times. Turn in all lists at the Students' Union office as soon as possible.

SETTERS HARD TO BEAT IN GOAL

Drouin Nets Two, Simpson One for Winners

BAKER SCORES LONE GOAL FOR A-C-L

Engineers scored a 3-1 victory over the Ag-Com-Law on Wednesday night, and as a result will carry a two-goal lead into the second game of this semi-final series in the Interfaculty League playoffs. The eventual winners will meet Arts in a best of three series for the league championship.

As has been the case so often this winter, Ag-Com-Law were short-handed for this important contest, and all that Coach Schrader could call on in the way of manpower was a scant eight performers. At that, they carried the play to the Engineers almost continuously, and but for the fact that Jack Setters in the winners' net was in phenomenal form, would undoubtedly have come out of the contest on even footing.

Setters turned in his best performance since he hit the campus two years ago. He took particular delight in thwarting the efforts of Jack Garvin. Garvin had at least six good scoring chances—probably more than any other performer, but he couldn't beat the Engineer net-minder, try what he might.

Not a penalty was handed out by Referee Harold Wismer, such was the manner in which the puck-chaser stuck to his knitting.

The teams battled through a scoreless first period, but shortly after the second opened, Engineers drew first blood. Coach Jack Simpson was left uncovered in front of Hewko. His line-mate, Paul Drouin, discovered this fact and laid a neat pass on Simpson's stick for the opening goal. Ag-Com-Law roared back to the attack, and kept coming in all through the period. Setters held them out till 18:25, when a prolonged ganging attack finally wore him down, and Baker, combining with Taylor and Garvin, slapped a back-handler along the ice to beat him from close range.

However, the lethal Drouin-Simpson duo struck again just before the bell went to end the period to give the Engineers the lead again. Drouin was the marksman this time.

Ag-Com-Law were beginning to show the effects of playing short-handed, but nevertheless, battling grimly, they managed to hold on all through the third period until the 19:50 mark. Drouin scored his second goal of the game at 19:50, skating alone through his weary opponents to make it 3-1.

Coach Schrader, Garvin, Baker and Frank Quigley, who got out of a sick bed to play, carried much of the attack for the losers. Schrader played a great game both offensively and defensively for the full sixty minutes. Joe Hewko in the A-C-L net had no chance on any of the shots that beat him.

Lineups:
Engineers—Setters, Lambert, Helmer, Drouin, Dutka, Smith, Simpson, Dunsmore, Parrott, Ross Ogilvie.
A-C-L—Hewko Schrader, Taylor, F. Quigley, Baker, Garvin, Rigney, Andrews.

Summary:
1st period—No score.
2nd period — Engineers, Simpson from Drouin, 3:15 A-C-L, Baker

(Turner, Garvin), 18:25; Engineers, Drouin (Simpson), 19:40.
3rd period—Drouin, 19:50.
Referee—H. Wismer.

HOCKEY SCHEDULE

Saturday, 2:30 — Ag-Com-Law vs. Engineers. End of Series "A".
Sunday, 12:30—Arts vs. winner of Series "A", 1st game.
Monday, 8 p.m.—Arts vs. winner of Series "A", 2nd game.
Wednesday, 8 p.m.—Arts vs. winner of Series "A", final game, if required.

IT PAYS TO PLAY

SPALDING

The Choice of Champions



Alberta Distributors

Marshall-Wells
Alberta Co., Ltd.

Edmonton, Alberta

Wonderful!

Most Canadians prefer Neilson's Jersey Milk Chocolate for its delicious Flavor and wonderful Food Value.



Neilson's JERSEY MILK CHOCOLATE

The Best Chocolate Made

Neilson's